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The Editors
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Correspondence

Negative thinking

Shaker Heights, Ohio

To the Editors: I differ with many of Martin Green's points [Mar. 26], especially as to the quality of *Chariots of Fire*. As a Christian, I found it enormously refreshing to have a character portrayed — the person of Eric Liddell — who was strong, vibrant, and who actually behaved as though religion were a vital part of his life. It was not hard at all to pay attention to his words, which did not seem to be "a quotation, offset on the page," to myself, my wife, and to several friends with whom I spoke about the film. Moreover, strict Sabbath observance, now mainly the province of Orthodox Jews, can be positive or negative — depending totally on one's personal approach. For Mr. Liddell it was positive, though often difficult (not mutually exclusive attributes).

Clearly all film criticism starts with oneself and is meshed in self throughout, so to criticize a critic's perceptions is, I suppose, a bit silly. However, I found this to be so strong and so uplifting a film that Mr. Green's pickings could only seem unduly negative, a product perhaps of an environment that encourages strenuous criticism of that which dares to idealize.

DAVID P. COGAN

Rejecting the Risen One

Bayside, N.Y.

To the Editors: John Garvey's resurrection article and the letters of John Cort and Mary Spencer [Apr. 9] were not only inspiring Holy Week reading but they were helpful confirmation of a Catholic liberalism firmly rooted in orthodoxy. I thoroughly appreciated the issue.

Father Moore's clarification of his own position made me rethink my own Pavlovian tendencies to damn the Curia whenever Vatican ecclesiastics get into theological fights. Perhaps Father Schillebeeckx has some clarification or correction of his own writings to do lest he remind us too much of nineteenth century exegetes who felt they had to explain away the miraculous in Jesus simply because their philosophies had no room *a priori* for supernatural thrusts into the here and now. The Roman bureaucrats may have a point in questioning the theologian from the Lowlands; it is his Christology, not his attitudes to the Holy Office which causes concern. . . .

If a non-theologian could add a thought to Father Moore's question on the meeting with the resurrected Jesus: Even the encounter with the Risen Christ cannot compel faith or conversion. Such a meeting is still in time and is still subject to all the obstacles impeding our responses to a plethora of graces and gifts from God. The Witnesses' meeting, speaking, and eating with Jesus do not have the same dimension as the departed meeting Jesus face to face in eternity. While we are still *in via*, rejection, backsliding, and indifference are possible even during and after the Glory of Easter.

FRANK C. ARRICALE, II

Foundation of hope

Winnipeg, Manitoba

To the Editors: Whatever might be said for the juxtaposition of John Garvey's "The Reality of Easter" and reactions to Sebastian Moore's "Experiencing the Resurrection" in the one "Education Issue" of *Commonweal* [Apr. 9], it is certainly an illustration of how central the event of Christ's resurrection is to Christian faith, its very touchstone. And we're touchy about our touchstones. But it was another juxtaposition in the same issue that impressed me more, viz., that of this debate over the reality of the resurrection and the article by James Weiss on religious studies, "Studying the Other Dimension."

Weiss's lucid description of the meaning of "mystery" in religion might be helpful to Garvey, Moore and their critics in placing the reality of the resurrection (or better, of the risen Christ) in the realm where it belongs, where the merging of objective event and subjective experience makes for holiness. I would go further than Garvey and side with Moore when I reflect on my faith in the Lord Jesus *redivivus:* what it means for me (subjectively), as well as for the first of Jesus's disciples is as important as what it means for the church. I would go one step further, however, and say that what it means for the church (objectively) is very much dependent on what it means to me and to all of Jesus's disciples, as is for us what it meant to the Twelve (including St. Paul).

That it seems to mean so much to all of us is the foundation of our hope for the future of the church, of Christian education, and of the world both are meant to serve.

DAVID WALSH

Running with me, Jesus

Gloucester, Mass.

To the Editors: These few thoughts were stimulated by Tom O'Brien's generally fine review of *Chariots of Fire* [Apr. 23], but especially by his perception of one character, Liddell, and the way he ". . . appropriates God's 'pleasure' to his own," in what Mr. O'Brien regards as youthful arrogance. Thus Mr. O'Brien states; "Insistence on personal vision — almost private communications with God — is arrogant, and with some 'true believers' even dangerous." After Jonestown who would have the temerity to disagree?

Nevertheless, I saw Liddell differently, not as a self-aggrandizing solipsist, but closer to a mystic in running shoes, whose words, "When I run, I can feel His pleasure," convert his athletic power to a form of prayer. Perhaps that

(Continued on page 351)

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SALVADORAN BALLOTS— AND BULLETS

IT HAS BEEN two months since the elections in El Salvador. What happened on March 28 did not fit the predictions of either right or left, here or in Central America. For those committed to democracy and an end to the killing in El Salvador, the turnout was impressive, the results disappointing, the whole election process ambiguous. It was natural therefore, for all sides to try to squeeze the balloting into their pre-existing interpretations of the Salvadoran conflict. The governments in Washington and San Salvador hailed the size of the vote as a victory for democracy. Liberal and left-wing critics pointed out, as they had before the voting, that no election can be truly valid when an opposition is unable to campaign openly. They noted that the number of eligible voters had been diminished by the exiles and refugees who had been forced to "vote with their feet." They emphasized the distorting effect of El Salvador's history of terror on the voters' calculations, and they raised questions about the practice of indicating whether an individual had voted by marking his or her identification card. That the Christian Democratic center "did not hold" is blamed by these critics on the very fact of attempting elections in conditions of insecurity and army repression. Supporters of the elections blame the Christian Democrats' failure on the refusal by the left insurgents to participate peacefully. From every quarter comes much the same message: "I told you so."

Is that the best we can do? Only if we are more interested in confirming our preferred ideologies than in bringing democracy and peace to a bleeding land. Each party in this debate has a bit of the truth. No one really knows what amount of support the Salvadoran rebels might gain if they could campaign openly and securely; extrapolations from an election where the political spectrum was foreshortened don't provide an answer, as the earlier experiences in Zimbabwe ought to remind us. On the other hand, despite all the caveats the critics express about the voter turnout, it did reveal a mighty will to a *political* resolution of differences on the part of El Salvador's people. Fear is not a sufficient explanation for what happened. Nor can it explain the relatively low proportion of blank ballots that were cast — votes, in effect, for the insurgents. If an election held in these circumstances could not provide decisive evidence that the people actually support the political standard-bearers elected, it provided even less positive evidence of the widespread support for the guerrillas and left-wing rebels that their supporters in this country have often assumed to exist. A fair number of Americans, if they have thought deeply about the matter at all, seem to believe that the Leninist doctrines of much of the guerrilla leadership are of less relevance than the possibility that the combined Leninist and non-Leninist revolutionary forces in El Salvador may offer some promising alternative to the historical rut of oligarchical control and violent repression. Whatever one may think of that position, there is little in the March 28 balloting to suggest that many Salvadorans agree.

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But that does not mean that the election's outcome holds much promise for a better future either. The new Constituent Assembly is headed by the man who is generally held responsible for Archbishop Romero's assassination and who believes that even the mildest reformers are "reds." One of the assembly's first acts was to kick the remaining supports from beneath an already crumbling land reform program. In the absence of a decisive shift of power in El Salvador, land reform was always an uncertain initiative. Now the shift seems to have occurred in the opposite direction, and newly installed peasant farmers are threatened with rough-and-ready evictions.

The practical question of the moment is whether the U.S. should press for negotiations between El Salvador's government and the rebel forces. One argument has it that such pressure would undermine the legitimacy of the new assembly — and of the relatively fraudless election that produced it. The rebels, as the phrase goes, would be allowed to win at the negotiating table what they could not win either in the fighting zones or at the ballot boxes. The opposite argument asks what better time to negotiate than when the military situation is stalemated and the government has some claim to legitimacy. The sad fact is that some influential figures in Washington simply don't want negotiations at any time, nor do they want land reform, for that matter, especially if it means conflict with hardline anti-Communists like Roberto d'Aubuisson.

There is no very bright future for El Salvador at the moment, no future in which the accomplices and executioners in the military, or the ruthless and authoritarian elements in the guerrillas, will quickly disappear. But the process by which politics replaces shooting has to be engaged. Whether the March 28 election leads to that process or whether it only provides a platform for more unrestrained violence depends on signals Washington gives. Senator Percy was right to threaten a suspension of aid if the land reform program were to be subverted. More important, Congress should not misconstrue the March 28 election as the Good Housekeeping Seal justifying a renewal of military assistance regardless of the Salvadoran government's record on repression. And finally, we believe that now, and not *mañana*, is the moment to press for the negotiations that could establish conditions in which the political hopes Salvadorans manifested two months ago might really flourish.

FURTHERMORE . . .

El Salvador's was not the only Central American and Caribbean election this year. Guatemala's of course, came and went; whether the coup that followed and the new "born-again" president, General Rios Montt, will open a path to deescalation of terror and civil war remains to be seen. A month ago, Luis Alberto Monge, a moderate social democrat elected last February, was sworn in as president of Costa Rica. And a still milder social democrat, Salvador Jorge Blanco, was elected president of the Dominican Republic on May 16.

Special note should be taken of these last two elections. Costa Rica remains one of the bright spots of democratic decency in the area: no army, no terror, a determined effort to provide basic welfare for its citizens. The military struggles convulsing Costa Rica's neighbors may yet spill over into this peaceful and open society; but far more threatening to its future has been the sharp rise in oil prices followed by a drop in coffee earnings followed by the hike in interest rates. The same squeeze between high oil prices and low commodity prices — in this case for sugar — has braked what was an impressive rate of economic growth in the Dominican Republic. Unlike Costa Rica, however, the Dominican Republic has no implanted tradition of democracy. Four years ago, the army sequestered the ballot boxes, and only the Carter human-rights policy, firmly communicated to the Dominican military, assured an honest outcome. This year's further gain for democracy is not apt to stick if the Dominican Republic's economy continues to sink. President Reagan's Caribbean basin plan, combining duty-free trade, investment tax credits, and direct aid, has little chance of surviving congressional worries over U.S. job losses and budget deficits. And the administration's announced quotas on sugar imports fall hard on the Dominicans. Our millions go to El Salvador. Like the "working poor" at home, societies like Costa Rica and the Dominican Republic don't have much pull.

Heifer Project International

A COW NAMED FAITH

THE LEGACY OF DAN WEST

DAN WEST was born in Ohio in 1893 and died a little over a decade ago. He was a deeply committed Brethren Christian, and he made a career of perpetually asking questions. He looked like a preacher, was always moralizing, and his four sons and at times his wife and daughter, all of them proud of him, wished he would occasionally come down off his "moralistic high horse." He never did.

West's way of finding answers and of getting educated was to keep asking questions, especially asking how to square faith with action. The Spanish Civil War, repudiated point-blank by the peace churches — Brethren, Quaker, and Mennonite — challenged those churches to find a way to serve suffering people. Dan himself was named Director of the joint three-faith relief program in Spain (1937-38), and it did him good to live and suffer with people at war, where everything, the people, the war, and the genuflecting were so foreign to him.

He provided children with quite nourishing food,mostly powdered milk from Holland with cod liver oil supplement. So far, so good. But the three churches, even when aided by various individuals, faiths and nations, could scarcely go on and on furnishing relief to poverty-stricken peoples. Could not

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a better way be found? That is what Dan West, doling out milk and shoes and underwear in Spain, kept asking himself and others.

He came up with the Heifer Project which has Dan West written all over it. At first he called the Project a dream. "An impossible dream," said his wife Lucy. Where people already have cows and goats, as in Greece and Italy, it would not be difficult to help them to have better cows and goats. But what could be done where people had no animals that produce milk or meat? Dan West's answer was to try giving dairy heifers, each of them bred and due to calve in a few months. The heifer would give milk for several years and surely be a benefaction for children who never before had milk. Her heifer calves would also furnish milk, and her bull calves could be butchered to furnish protein.

Who would donate such a beneficent beast? Dan explained his "dream" plan in his parish church, and at once several farmers offered heifers, cattle feed, and cattle care; the first gift heifer was christened Faith and the next two Hope and Charity. The only stipulation was that the poor family receiving a heifer would donate her first heifer calf to another poor family, passing the gift along, This, plus providing some temporary expertise to help a family make the most of a cow, a goat, or a pig, was the essence of the Heifer Project International.

Don't give cash or powdered milk, either of which is gone in one round. Cash and powdered milk today, and the family needs a refill tomorrow. Give a heifer, a continuing source of milk and meat. After eleven years, two of the first nineteen heifers, shipped in 1944 to Puerto Rico, were still producing milk; all had produced meat and milk, but the cow named Faith never produced a heifer; she produced milk and nine bull calves.

The whole enterprise, expanding far beyond Dan West's dreams, now helps poor rural families to help themselves in scores of countries and areas, including, at one time or another, many areas in the U.S.

The Project's present stated purpose would please Dan: "To help people produce food and income for themselves, and to expand livestock production to help overcome worldwide protein deficiency." Gifts must be tailored to the situation; perhaps the need is for a beef breed, or for chickens or hogs or sheep, or even for a mill. Many faiths, organizations, and persons now contribute.

A letter, dated Feb. 16, 1981, from the Project's Center (825 W. 3rd, Little Rock, Ark. 72203), states: "We estimate upwards of 70,000 head of livestock have been sent since HPI's inception (larger animals: heifers, bulls, goats, sheep, swine) and hundreds of thousands of small domestic stock (chickens, rabbits, honey bees)."

And at an international gathering, West's daughter said, "How beautiful is this idea of giving the first offspring to another in need. What a simple and loving way."

LEO R. WARD

(Father Leo R.Ward, C.S.C., is a retired teacher at Notre Dame and the author of many books.)

Economics & moral revival

NEW RIGHT'S FAILURE

A SHAKY ALLIANCE WITH CAPITALISM

SOMETIMES A NON-EVENT is as newsworthy as the events reported in detail by newspaper and television. One example comes to mind. What ever happened to the New Right's promise to restore morality to what Jerry Falwell calls a "sick" country, "one of the most blatantly sinful nations of all time?" After an agenda of economic reform, the conservative alliance — between free-market capitalists and evangelical Christians — was supposed to advance confidently to a second agenda of moral issues: in particular, restoring prayer to public schools, restricting abortion, curbing pornography, limiting activity of professed homosexuals, and allowing parental review of textbooks.

What happened? Two constitutional amendments, one dealing with abortion and the other with school prayer, have received administration backing, but both are far from the government's "front burner." Perhaps economic difficulties have simply postponed the appropriate legislation, which is mostly still mired in committees. But quite possibly there is a more fundamental problem in the the alliance between competitive capitalism and evangelical Christian morality. This argument would strike the Moral Majority as astounding and heretical. Indeed, Falwell's book *Listen, America!* informs us that "the free-enterprise system is clearly outlined in the Book of Proverbs" and that "competition in business is Biblical." Despite such confidence, the assertion that competitive capitalism and Falwell's "moral revival" are compatible rests on faith, not argument.

The Puritan work ethic may have assisted the birth of early capitalism, but capitalism, since its inception, gradually but persistently has been shedding its religious assistant. From Sir Francis Bacon, who grew weary of waiting for the next world and sought to use science and industry to make a paradise here on earth, to Adam Smith, who assumed the central preoccupation of life would be the consumption of goods and pleasures — capitalism paid homage to religion, all the while endeavoring to carve out a secular world of commerce and industry, wealth, and pleasure.

And the secular world of the marketplace had always demanded an acquisitive ethic appropriate to it. To begin with, competitive capitalism dictated that self-interest be the tie that links human beings in this marketplace. "It is not from the benevolence of the butcher, the brewer, or the baker that we expect our dinner," said Adam Smith in a typical and famous passage, "but from their regard to their own interest. We address ourselves, not to their humanity but to their self-love."

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The writings of Falwell and the articles of a leading evangelical magazine such as *Christianity Today* reveal convincingly that capitalism's acquisitive ethic — however much it has brought prosperity to the nation — rests uncomfortably beside fundamentalist moral reform. While capitalism proudly unleashes the forces of self-interest, Falwell tells us that societies in which "every man did what pleased himself" have decayed, and one author in *Christianity Today* proclaims that "self-centeredness" is Godlessness. While our economy teaches us to be consumers of goods and pleasures, the evangelicals decry "hedonism," "permissiveness," an obsession with "self-gratification," and "materialism." Falwell even admires Solzhenitsyn's disgust with "the West's fantastic greed for profit and gain." Where our society admires individuals who resolutely compete with others, who seek to maximize self-interest, and who ultimately manage to surround themselves with consumer goods and modern pleasures, the evangelical Christians talk of sacrifice for others, duty, loyalty, discipline, love for one another, cooperation, and even submission of wives to husbands as a means to prevent divorce. "Let us reflect what must be the state of things," said Rousseau two centuries ago, "when men are forced to caress and destroy one another at the same time."

The fact is that the acquisitive ethic and the moral revival of evangelical Christians are natural rivals, not allies, and the acquisitive ethic shows every sign of dominating society. Many authors have pointed out the inconsistency of demanding that the government refrain from interfering in our economic lives, while encouraging the government to increase control over our private lives by eliminating pornography, denying the choice of an abortion, and so on. But that misses the central point: if society rewards people who are aggressively individualistic, self-seeking, consumer-oriented, and possessed with an ideology summed up in the phrase "freedom to choose," society will have insurmountable difficulties — disregarding any possible merits of moral reform — in subsequently informing those people that they cannot choose abortion, they must postpone sexual pleasure, and they cannot read pornography. One who praises fierce economic individualism will have trouble forcing moral conformity.

Actually the argument that capitalism's economic self-interest will relentlessly undermine Christianity's demand for self-sacrifice on behalf of others is not new. A century and a half ago Tocqueville, whom conservatives like to quote, noted that the dominant passions in the United States seemed to be the love of money and the pursuit of self-interest. And yet he noted that religion, public participation in communities, and a work ethic that demanded postponement of gratification, all seemed to restrain the love of wealth. Nevertheless, he predicted that the passion for wealth would gradually "sweep everything along in its course": self-interest would make religious demands seem unreasonable; the obsession with private business affairs would constitute a centrifugal force that would destroy the habit of participating in communities; and abundant wealth would convince people that self-denial and postponement of gratification were unnecessary. Eventually a world inundated by selfishness, a world without any sense of public duty, would emerge. One would see only men and women "incessantly endeavoring to procure the petty and paltry pleasures with which they glut their lives."

Thus the alliance between free-market capitalism and religious revival is a shaky one at best. Even in the 1980 elections, according to the survey analysis of social scientists Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab, moral issues played at most a secondary role. Americans wanted "a more assertive America on the world scene, and on the domestic front a serious campaign to fight inflation and refurbish American industry. That is the extent of their political conservatism." Whereas evangelical Christians may well think moral fervor determined the elections, in fact business interests may have simply used moral issues to promote conservative economic reforms. Once economic reform has been completed, business may shed its religious ally either by diluting moral legislation or by discarding some of it altogether. This marriage too may end in divorce.

ROGER BOESCHE

(Roger Boesche, who teaches political science at Occidental College in Los Angeles, has written extensively on the political thought of Alexis de Tocqueville.)

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

LOVING GOD FOR NOTHING

RECOVERING THE STRANGENESS

FAMILIARITY may breed contempt, but it breeds something even more dangerous where religion is concerned. It may lead us to think that we know what we are talking about. I don't mean that laymen may be seduced into thinking that they know what only qualified theologians *really* know; it is at least as much a danger to the theologian as it is to the layman. Religious language can become so interesting that we forget what it is for, or so familiar that we imagine we know. We forget how strange it would be to hear the words of the Gospel fresh. We become comfortable with language which is meant to move us away from what we regard as comfort; we are secure and at home with a message which leaves us with nothing to be secure about, and invites us to a way of life in which security, as a pursuit, must be left behind.

Each Sunday along with a church full of other people I recite a creed in which I say that God became human. We say it easily, half paying attention. We affirm belief in a God none of us can possibly imagine, and say that this unknowable

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one became a human being, which is to say that someone unimaginable became a sort of creature we do not understand. Does any of us know what a human being is? Irenaeus said that the glory of God is man, fully realized. What would that be like? I am not sure that we have the equipment to recognize a fully realized human being.

The words of the creed inspire hope. They move us at obscure levels. They encourage us to believe a number of things: that lives which involve suffering and joy are not without meaning, and this meaning is somehow rooted in the compassion of God — whatever God may be, whatever we are.

But even these hopes and the need for meaning rise like bubbles in a kind of mental soup which boils constantly without our being aware of it. We are not aware enough of consciousness itself, or how it works, or the ways in which ego can use religion and religious language to shore itself up and protect itself from the implications of the words we use too easily.

Thomas Merton's fascination with Buddhism was not, as some conservatives have suggested, a decadent turn taken by a rebellious monk. It was rather the discovery of something central to the life of prayer. Buddhism looks without either hope or despair, and certainly without sentimentality, at the phenomenon of awareness itself, and in the process it deals with problems which have everything to do with spirituality. At the beginning of *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism* (Shambhala) Chögyam Trungpa, a Tibetan Buddhist now working from Boulder's Naropa Institute, writes, "We have come here to learn about spirituality. I trust the genuine quality of this search but we must question its nature. The problem is that ego can convert anything to its own use, even spirituality. Ego is constantly trying to acquire and apply the teachings of spirituality for its own benefit . . . In order to reassure ourselves, we work to fit into our intellectual scheme every aspect of our lives which might be confusing. And our effort is so serious and solemn, so straightforward and sincere, that it is difficult to be suspicious of it." The desire to possess the right kind of spirituality, he suggests, can be every bit as materialistic as the desire to own a car or a new refrigerator.

Similar approaches to spirituality can be found in the West. The anonymous author of *The Cloud of Unknowing* says that the most pious and holy thoughts are dangerous distractions at a certain point, and he encourages a deliberate forgetting, and a knowledge that God is unknowable "except by love." St. Basil said that anyone who claimed to know God was depraved, and Meister Eckhart wrote of the Godhead beyond God. He describes something which comes startlingly close to the Buddhist ideal: "The just man loves God for nothing, neither for this nor for that, and if God gave him wisdom or anything else he had to give, except himself, the just man would not look at it, nor would it be to his taste; for he wants nothing, seeks nothing, and has no reason for doing anything. As God, having no motives, acts without them, so the just man acts without motives. As life lives on for its own sake, needing no reason for being, so the just man has no reason for doing what he does" (*Meister Eckhart,* translated by R.P. Blakney, Harper).

Merton was aware that this could be found in Western spirituality, but was unafraid of the East's direct approach. It is a directness which we need desperately. Religion can be another form of noise, joining politics and psychology and television and best-sellers in the swarm of distractions we present ourselves with constantly.

"If, of course, your life-style is going to be seriously affected, then disregard everything I've said."

The most basic question is, who is it that sits down to pray? What is it in us that scripture addresses when we are told to leave everything to follow Christ? What is it in us that is transformed, or is even capable of being transformed? There is only one way to find out: you sit down, try to be quiet (which means quieting the body as well as the mind) and concentrate on a few words — a short prayer, a line from one of the psalms. Within a few minutes you are thinking of a hamburger, or something that needs to be done, or a conversation you might be having with someone. You bring the mind back, and within seconds it's gone again. If you are tired you may find yourself close to dreaming. It doesn't help to be terribly strenuous in fighting these distractions; in a way they serve a valuable function: they show you what really leads you through a day, what you really care about, what you are and are not. What you are not matters deeply: the process of trying to pray can reveal how empty and cold-hearted we really are. We have the desire to love, coupled with a complete inability to do so, and at the same time our greatest passion may be buried resentment or anger. This isn't meant to discourage us; it is a mercy to see it, to know our emptiness and our need. We are driven by it and led around by it, until we can see it. In Ezekiel God says, "I will take away your hearts of stone and give you hearts of flesh." But before this can happen we have to know how stony-hearted we are, or else we will simply admire the poetry of Ezekiel, which is not what Ezekiel is for.

Any spirituality must, in the Quaker phrase, "speak to our condition" to be genuinely helpful, but it is easy to be distracted from learning what that condition is. What we are is not necessarily what we think we are; it is certainly not simply the sum of our feelings and aspirations. What is called for is an intense listening, a stillness in the face of our feelings. We ordinarily react to them; it is important instead to pay attention to them without being led by them.

Take the rather common experience of feeling misunderstood, or of being offended somehow. We can resent our

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situation and insist on our righteousness or on our innocence. Or we can explore what it is in us that is wounded. What do we lose, or think we will lose, if we are not seen precisely as we would like to be seen? We are trying to keep in place a picture of the self which serves not only as a self-portrait (and a flattering one at that) but also as a shield. When it is attacked it matters more than anything in the world that we hold on to it and keep it from being damaged. Why? Can't we live without it?

At one age we need a self-image which can be shamed into decent behavior or encouraged by praise. We would not be bearable company if in our coming to maturity we had not been civilized by a system of goads and rewards. But at another stage it may be crucial to let go of the picture, or to get out of the armor; it may be an impediment to spiritual growth. Here the danger is in replacing one suit of armor with another, more subtly designed: the need to make spiritual progress and to know that we are doing so can, in Chögyam Trungpa's words, be a form of "spiritual materialism" which is every bit as crass as the desire to own a new car. But it is made to seem less worldly by the ego, because it is "spiritual." The desire to be perceived by others or, more insidiously, to perceive ourselves as holy, or good, or wise, is as limiting and foolish as the desire to be thought sexually attractive or financially powerful. Our attachment to any of these things, including any need I might feel to be right about what I am writing this minute, has to be seen for what it is: the ego's way of holding on to us, to protect itself. It isn't that right or wrong do not matter; but any attachment I have to the need to be right has nothing at all to do with my love for the truth.

There are many problems and controversies which properly concern us. They include the church's role in social transformation, the role of women in the church, lay ministries, and there are many others. But above all each of us must try to be clear about prayer. We need a spirituality in which the daily conditions of marriage, family, friendship, work, and social struggle become a school of spirituality. This could seem to be a recommendation of individualistic soul-polishing and a turning away from communal concerns. It isn't; we can't wait until all of our motives are clear before we do anything. But the social implications of Christianity are addressed frequently these days, and our radical need for a living spirituality is not. One recent book which does an excellent job of connecting the personal and social aspects of spirituality is *Compassion* (Doubleday), by Donald McNeill, Douglas Morrison, and Henri Nouwen; the subject has never been addressed more creatively or movingly.

There has been a lot written and said about the church's current "state of crisis," and at the level of church politics there is something to the notion. But the most vital crisis is one which has been with the church since its beginning: it is learning to hear the words of the Gospel as pointed and personal, aimed at the heart. We must recover the strangeness of their original proclamation. What is it in us that Jesus addresses when he says that we must lose our lives in order to find them? Eckhart said, "To get at the core of God at his greatest, one must first get into the core of himself at his least, for no one can know God who has first not known himself. Go to the depths of the soul, the secret place of the Most High, to the roots, to the heights; for all that God can do is focused there."

JOHN GARVEY

Of several minds: *Thomas Powers*

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BOOKS THAT HELPED MY THINKING

THE LITERATURE on nuclear weapons is vast, but much of it is written in a cautious, professional tone with one eye on job opportunities in the Pentagon. The result is a body of writing meticulous in scholarship and rigorous in analysis, but blinkered by the twin assumptions that things had to work out this way, and are well in hand. I'm not sure whether the first is true or not; the second strikes me as being willfully, even perversely, hopeful. Following are some of the books that helped me form my own views.

John Hersey, *Hiroshima* (Alfred Knopf, 1946). A brilliant short account of six people who survived the first nuclear weapon used in war, and of some of their friends, neighbors, and colleagues who did not. Reading it, one marvels at Truman's effrontery in describing Hiroshima as "a military target."

Samuel Glasstone, *The Effects of Nuclear Weapons* (U.S. Department of Defense, Third Edition 1977). A detailed technical treatise, with a handy "Nuclear Bomb Effects Computer" — a sliderule-like device — in a pocket at the back. The emphasis is on what bombs do to things, not people.

Ruth Adams and Susan Cullen, *The Final Epidemic* (Educational Foundation for Nuclear Science, 1982). A collection of papers, mostly by scientists, on the medical, social, and ecological effects of nuclear war. This book will explain why a house in the country with a stock of canned goods in the basement is not enough. The emphasis is on what bombs do to people, communities, and the natural world—not things.

Stanislaw Ulam, *Adventures of a Mathematician* (Scribners, 1976). The best of the many memoirs of the Manhattan Project, which built the first bomb. Ulam captures the wartime cast of mind which allowed scientists to concentrate on the fascinating problems at hand. After the first Russian bomb was detonated in 1949, Ulam writes, "the general question was 'What now?' At once I said that work should be pushed on the 'super' " — the H-bomb.

Martin J. Sherwin, *A World Destroyed* (Knopf, 1975). As World War II drew to an end, Churchill asked, "What

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are we going to have between the white snows of Russia and the white cliffs of Dover?" Sherwin persuasively argues that Hiroshima was at least partly the result of Truman's hope the bomb would make Stalin easier to handle.

Gregg Herken, *The Winning Weapon* (Knopf, 1981). By the end of 1950 the United States was firmly committed to nuclear weapons as the backbone of our military forces. Herken documents why this happened, and how the Joint Chiefs of Staff planned to use the bomb in the event of war.

C. Wright Mills, *The Causes of World War III* (Simon & Schuster, 1958). "This disgraceful Cold War is surely a war in which we as intellectuals ought at once to become conscientious objectors." But with few exceptions, the intellectuals all went to work for the Department of Defense.

George Kistiakowsky, *A Scientist at the White House* (Harvard University Press, 1976). Kistiakowsky was Eisenhower's science advisor during the last years of his administration. He kept a fascinating diary recording his running battle with the Pentagon, which always wanted more of everything.

John Prados, *The Soviet Estimate* (Dial, 1982). Lawrence Freedman, *US Intelligence and the Soviet Threat* (Westview, 1977). What we knew about Russian military programs, and when we knew it. In retrospect it's clear we were ahead all the way, but repeatedly feared the Russians were about to streak ahead. The trouble is that it takes ten years to build a weapons system, but we can't know what the Russians will be doing that far down the road. The result is planning based on worst-case analysis.

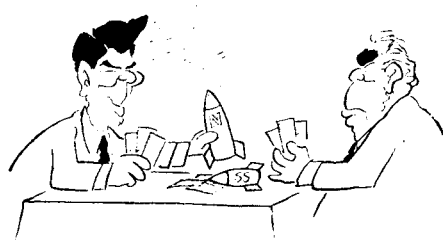
Herman Kahn, *On Thermonuclear War* (Princeton University Press, 1960). Still the best introduction to the if-we-do-this, then-they'll-do-that school of strategic analysis. How to use fear of Armageddon as a politico-military tool. Kahn is the Homer of the scenario, and his approach is still the basis for Pentagon war games. Most of these show that *any* use of nuclear weapons leads to *heavy* use.

Barbara Tuchman, *The Guns of August* (Macmillan, 1960). We're not likely to see 1939 again; 1914 is what ought to worry us now. A principal cause of World War I was tight mobilization schedules which inexorably brought armies to frontiers where the best defense was an offense. What was the war about? It's hard to say. Europe had been preparing for war for thirty years, and eventually they had it.

Solly Zuckerman, *From Apes to Warlords* (Harper & Row, 1978). Zuckerman was at the heart of the WW II controversy over strategic bombing policy, a fierce and rational opponent of attacking cities. "What [D.M.] Butt was particularly anxious to know was the ratio of casualties per ton of bombs in areas with different housing densities." Strategic bombing enthusiasts were on the run, until Hiroshima.

Sun Tzu, *The Art of War* (Oxford University Press, 1963). Clausewitz wrote, "To introduce into the philosophy of war a principle of moderation would be an absurdity — war is an act of violence pushed to its utmost bounds." The Chinese military thinker Sun Tzu, who wrote in the fourth century B.C., took the opposite view. "For to win a hundred victories in a hundred battles is not the acme of skill. To subdue the enemy without fighting is the acme of skills. Thus, what is of supreme importance in war is to attack the enemy's strategy . . . those skilled in war subdue the enemy's army without battle. They capture his cities without assaulting them and overthrow his state without protracted operations."

Herbert Scoville, *MX: Prescription for Disaster* (MIT Press, 1981). "The MX is a prime example of a nuclear war-fighting weapon that can lead us closer to the catastrophe of an atomic holocaust." Scoville provides a fine introduction to the current debate over strategic policy. He argues that the MX would invite attack in a crisis, because it is accurate enough to threaten Soviet missiles.



Daniel O.Graham, *Shall America be Defended?* (Arlington House, 1979). A former director of the Defense Intelligence Agency argues that Russia, detente and SALT have led the U.S. down the garden path. "The chance of war increases when aggressive powers like the Soviet Union build more and better weapons than peaceful countries such as the U.S."

Gerard Smith, *Doubletalk: The Story of SALT I* (Doubleday, 1980). "I had once heard President Eisenhower say that wars have a dynamic of their own. I believed that weapons design also had a dynamic of its own." Smith headed the delegation which negotiated the SALT I agreement with Russia, a three-year ordeal recounted here in fascinating detail. Smith laments the failure to ban MIRVs, multiple warheads which are now threatening to upset the strategic balance. We were ahead in MIRVs — for the moment — and didn't want to lose an "advantage." Now Russian MIRVs threaten every American strategic weapon in a known location. Smith is both pithy and humane. "Recently I was asked to lecture on the moral use of nuclear weapons. I declined. I knew of none."

J.F.C. Fuller, *Armament and History* (London: Eyrie & Spottswoode, 1946). A professional soldier and military historian, Fuller concluded in 1946 that nuclear weapons changed everything. ". . . the whole idea of maintaining peace through the power to destroy is unadulterated madness." Inevitably, he said, the bomb will be married to the rocket. "Warfare will then take on a Krakatoan aspect."

Thomas Pynchon, *Gravity's Rainbow* (Viking, 1973). The title refers to the arc of a missile in flight. This is a serious attempt to examine what modern war does to modern man. It is long and difficult to read. It treats the missile as the dominant fact of human history. It is amusing in parts. It might be described as the history of the next war, written in advance. THOMAS POWERS

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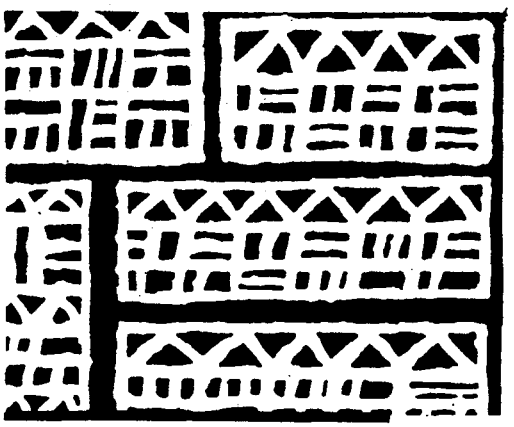

The town where integration worked

J.S. FUERST

IN CHICAGO as elsewhere, the bulk of urban racial integration has taken place in middle-income, professional areas —in city neighborhoods like Hyde Park, Lincoln Park, or Beverly, and in suburbs like Evanston, Oak Park, or Park Forest. Slight additional integration has occurred in upper-income Chicagoland suburbs as well as in similar suburbs outside St. Louis,Cleveland, and New York.

The significant development for the U.S. is not, however, what happens in the Evanstons, Hyde Parks, Highland Parks, or Glencoes. It is the challenge of making racial integration work in the America of the silent majority. Previously, in ethnic areas of Chicago like Chatham, Auburn-Gresham, Roseland, or Fuller Park, when blacks moved in, whites have moved out. Within little more than a one- or two-year period, the neighborhoods have become all-black. On the other hand, in areas like Cicero or Oak Forest—western and southern suburbs—or in city ethnic areas like Bogen and Bridgeport, blacks have not significantly cracked the racial barriers. In spite of fair housing legislation and a quarter-century of civil-rights campaigning, the mere possibility of black residents provokes anger and overt hostility.

Changes, however, are occurring, and Calumet Park Village, a close-in Chicago suburb of mostly blue-collar and white-collar workers, is an important signpost of those changes. Established in 1925 with 1,300 people,Calumet Park was a lily-white community. In 1970 the median income ($12,500) placed the area about nineteenth of thirty-three areas in the south suburbs, the poorer suburban sector. Most of the labor force worked at International Harvester, in the steel mills, in small businesses as tiny entrepreneurs, or as civil servants. Many were second-generation Americans — Polish, Irish, Italian, or Slavic. Most of them were relocatees from Chicago's south side, people who, in their thirties and with growing children, moved from the city during the 1950s.

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By 1970, Calumet Park had 10,000 people and soon thereafter its first black residents. The red carpet treatment and the key to the city were hardly extended to the newcomers. The family of a black marine sergeant who arrived in 1972 was subject to several attacks—and moved out. There were other similar incidents. In the end, however, the opposition to blacks proved limited, i.e., they weren't repeatedly driven out of their homes with clubs and torches, as happened in nearby Chicago areas.

The arrival of blacks did set off a flurry of real estate activity. Having first attempted to steer blacks away, some realtors then tried to "sell the hell out of the place"—both equally venal enterprises. The realtors were followed by the bankers, who began to "redline" the area, refusing loans for purchase or home improvement.

Despite these pressures, Calumet Park has survived as an integrated community because of people like Ted Davia. Davia, the Fair Housing Administrator of the village, was a union steward for the Marble Cutters Local 23, a full-fledged member of the musicians' union, and a twenty-year resident of Calumet Park. Unlike many people of the same background in Berwyn and Cicero, Davia and a like-minded group of middle-class workers took a strong stand in support of civil rights and stuck by it.

Another factor was the strong attachment residents felt for the community. One Calumet Parker, for instance, made no claims to freedom from racial prejudice: "I'm a plain second-generation Irishman. I have the same prejudices as everyone else. But as a former Roseland resident who had to move twice to avoid living with blacks, I know the problem. You just can't keep on moving. It costs too much money. Everyone is going to have to work together to find a solution, and that solution is not violence or white flight."

Stan Powlinsky, who works for Ashland Oil in Chicago, also moved from Roseland some twenty-four years ago. "Even in the beginning, working for integration seemed a good thing," he says, "We've seen a lot of change but it's for the better." Mary Sosnowski adds, "We have more freedom compared to the city. When a problem comes up, you can

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reach the mayor or any public figure. In a small place like this, people can talk out problems together."

Black residents seem to feel the same way. Buster Porch says, "I lived on the south side of Chicago before I came here. In Chicago, no one counts unless you have a lot of money. Here I can call up the mayor, Ron Romanowski, and say, Hey Ron, I don't like the way the garbage is being picked up, or the library is run, and Ron will listen and look into it. And believe me, I attend meetings. I'm a labor scheduler at the steel mills, and sometimes I'm dead tired when I come home. My wife will say, Hey Buster, don't you have a meeting? And I have to get up and drag myself to the meeting."

BY 1973, WHEN BLACKS had increased to perhaps four percent of the population, several community leaders organized a Community Improvement Association (CIA). In 1975, this CIA founded the Calumet Park Housing Center whose goal has been the attainment of a viable stabilized housing market within the community—in short, to assist all buyers and sellers of homes (and renters of apartments) on a non-discriminatory basis. At the same time, the CIA created the Community Relations Commission (CRC) to help smooth the housing transition. CRC policy reads: "A free, open, and diverse community can be maintained by a mixture of racial and ethnic groups. . . . [Our] chosen moral goals include integration, no resegregation. Other communities have followed a block-by-block racial change. We have not."

Quite clearly the major problem has been one of real estate and mortgages. Buster Porch says, "When we first moved to Calumet Park I never realized before the huge part that is played by real estate firms playing upon the fears of whites and blacks. Calumet Park has been a great enlightenment for me. I found out that some real estate salesmen, black and white, have been compelled by their firms to make 30 to 50 phone calls a day to unsuspecting neighborhood families, telling them, 'This is your last chance to get top dollars for your home.' "

It was in fact when bank loan officers told would-be white buyers, like Linda Hanna, "We're sorry but we don't make loans in Calumet Park because it's not a healthy neighborhood," that the community mobilized into action against bank redlining. This, of course, was redlining of the most virulent kind. The conditions of the homes in the area were excellent, and loan officers were still threatening to withhold loans, obviously because of perceived racial transition. As a result the CIA was able to mobilize. Father Mark Dennehy, O.S.M., of the Seven Holy Founders Church, the mayor, the chairman of the city finance committee, and several other solid citizens formed a citizens committee. Four million dollars worth of savings were pledged to be withdrawn from the banks, and for eight successive weeks the people withdrew $25,000 a week. By the eighth week the biggest bank capitulated, and eventually the banks promised to give $25,000 per year for a local Fair Housing Program Administration.

Real estate firms were not as easy to manage. The National Association of Realtors insists that every realtor should be free to sell where and when he wishes. In Calumet Park many brokers operated from all over the south side. The citizens decided to act. Four hundred people picketed a real estate office that was engaged in blockbusting. The realtor had to close his business. The CIA and the Fair Housing Commission have continued to pursue real estate firms all over the south suburban area that are similarly engaged. They have signed "no steering agreements" with many real estate firms — pledges to refrain from deliberating directing black or white homeseekers to certain areas in order to reinforce or exacerbate pressurs toward segregation.

Even more directly, after getting a home rule law passed that gave them some power to control their own destiny, the Calumet Parkers passed several ordinances. The first was "an intent to sell" rule. This meant that anyone who wanted to sell his house had to announce it to the Community." This," said Ted Davia, "informed the Fair Housing Commission and the Housing Center if there were a sensitive block, and allowed the community to try to do something to remedy it." Second, they passed an ordinance blocking advertising of houses for sale. While similar ordinances had been overturned by the U.S. Supreme Court, the Calumet Park leaders believe their own situation and ordinance to be sufficiently different to escape censure. So far it has. Third, they passed an ordinance mandating the inspection of every house or apartment when it became vacant and before it was rented or sold. Finally, they levied a municipal transfer tax of one dollar on every sale. This fee assures the village that no sales take place without its knowledge.

WHILE THESE ordinances encourage the maintenance of housing stock and limit the number of panic sales, not everything is upbeat. A slum landlord has managed to get possession of eighteen buildings and, in the guise of opening up new areas to blacks, rented them all to minorities. His buildings, according to reports in the *Chicago Tribune*, were unsanitary, unclean, and unsafe. He has been in court and continues to be. So far he has not been halted, but the fight is continuing.

These buildings, moreover, are concentrated in the only area of Calumet Park where there is already some concentration of blacks. The village, afraid that this will erode the general pattern of integration, has brought suits against the landlord and has asked help from HUD. HUD, however, here as well as in other communities, has been unwilling to take any stand, largely because of its fear of stirring up the opposition of leaders in all-black communities who believe that blacks should never be discouraged from moving into available housing regardless of the effect on integration.

Not even all these "defensive" measures to ward off destabilizing realtors and bankers are enough to keep a community like Calumet Park integrated. The village has also taken a number of positive steps:

- Put in additional street lights of an improved variety.
- Done extensive sidewalk replacement.
- Converted a swampland known as "Troublemakers'

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Field'' into a sorely needed sports park.

- Created a rehabilitation fund of $75,000 from federal, state, and county moneys, to provide loans so that owners of one- and two-family houses can meet a minimum code for the condition of their property.
- Passed village statutes to forbid unsightly and overgrown properties or the accumulation of garbage and trash.

In terms of real estate, what have the efforts of the Calumet Parkers yielded? The actions of the Fair Housing Center have been so successful that eighty-five percent of the one hundred blocks in Calumet Park are integrated. And this integration is remarkably even throughout the village, with blacks generally constituting less than twenty percent of the residents in any one block.

Probably something like seventy-five percent of the relatively small number of houses currently put up for sale go to minority purchasers, with only about twenty-five percent being bought by whites. Thus the minority proportion of the population is slowly but steadily expanding. At the same time, one important new factor affecting real-estate demand tends toward racial stabilization. Presently fifteen percent of the people are Spanish-American (mainly Mexican), and this percentage of new buyers and renters is increasing. Both black and white communities welcome this, whites because it seems that the growing number of Mexican-Americans makes it less likely that the area will become all black, and blacks because many of them recognize the Mexicans as a buffer between blacks and whites. In fact, there is considerable intermarriage between whites and Mexicans and more than a little between Mexicans and blacks.

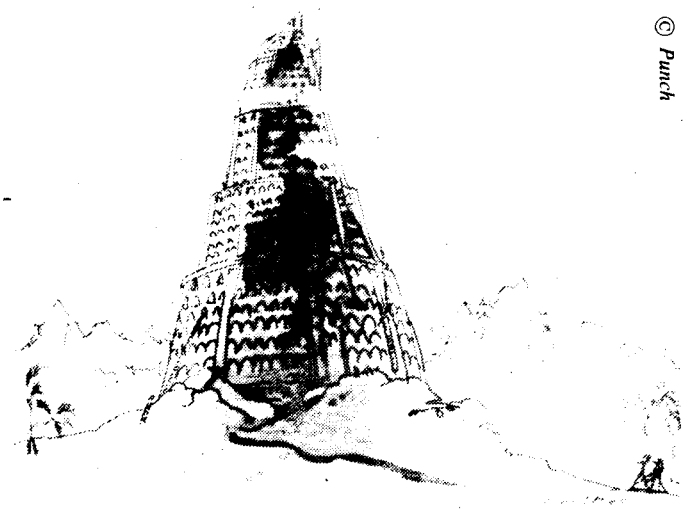
Real-estate prices in Calumet Park have continued to rise. There has been no serious drop in the market despite the racial mix. Houses that were $35,000-$39,000 several years ago are now priced in the middle $50,000-range. ''From an economic standpoint,'' says Vincent Yaeger, president of the National Bank of Blue Island, ''the village is one of the best buys of any Chicago suburban community.''

THE FOUR MOST significant indicators of an area's ability to negotiate successfully a period of racial transition are crime, incidence of fires, quality of education, and the state of commercial activities. Calumet Park has seen a small but insignificant increase in crime statistics. The police force, though one of the largest proportionately in the area, remains small when compared with those of larger cities. It is, moreover, integrated. One-third of the officers are members of minority groups. Half of this one third is Latino and half black. According to Tom Zielinski, police chief, over ninety percent of the crimes committed in Calumet Park are done by youngsters or adults from outside the district. Kensington, the Chicago neighborhood immediately to the north, has one of the heaviest crime rates in the city, and this accounts for much of the criminal activity in Calumet Park as well. The village's record in apprehending suspects is one of the best. What this seems to mean is that police here serve the same function as in many other suburbs; protection of residents against outsiders.

When additional gang activity was reported in Calumet Park, the mayor and police imposed a curfew and formed committees of parents—blacks and whites. They rehabilitated ''Troublemakers' Field.'' The parents instituted a ''Helping Hand'' program: volunteering families place a note in their windows offering help to any youngster set upon by a gang. The child can knock on the nearest door, and the owner promises to help. An ordinance was passed prohibiting liquor sales to those under twenty-one. Because of more awareness among police and parents, more crimes, even minor ones, may be reported in Calumet Park. The fact is that, next to most places, the village has relatively little crime.

Another significant indicator of changing neighborhoods is fire incidence. From 1970 to 1980 the incidence of fires has only increased in the village along with the general incidence locally and nationally. In point of fact, the number of fires in 1980 was up only slightly from 1970, and for the first seven months of 1981 was less than for 1980. According to the fire chief, Patrick Baltistilla, basically there has been no rise coincident with the racial change.

With minority youngsters now filling forty-five percent of the seats in schools, the schools have continued to show good reading scores in the eighth grade and in the second grade. All in all, the experience here with an increase of black youngsters has duplicated findings in thirty all-black schools on the south side of Chicago, namely that the racial make-up of the school does not, by itself, have any impact on reading scores. In 1978, when thirty percent of the Calumet Park school population were minority youth, most of them black, the average scores of children were 3.9 in second grade and 9.2 in eighth grade—well above the national averages. By 1980 when forty-five percent of the children were from minority groups, the eighth-grade scores dropped to 8.6, still slightly above the national median, the second grade dropped less. More significantly, when the most recent newcomers to the system (children who had been in the system less than two years) were dropped from the calculations, the 1980 eighth-grade scores



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''Apart from reaching heaven, there will be space for ten thousand self-contained apartments.''

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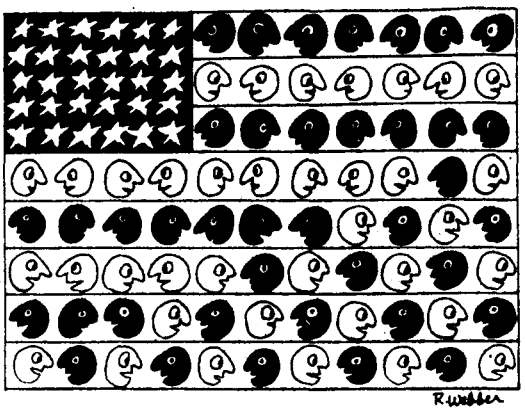
remained at 9.2. What this means is that the addition of black youngsters to the system does not affect the scores much. Only when children are brought into the system in fairly large numbers and have only one- or two-year exposure to the system are there any real changes in scores. Even then the scores are far above the averages in the inner city—which are about 2.2 in second grade and 6.0 in the eighth.

Still more significant is a recent finding that shows how much integrated schools in Calumet Park contribute to healthy racial attitudes.Through questionnaires, Carol De Lorenzo studied sixty-six white students in the integrated Calumet schools and eighty-seven white students in segregated Alsip. She concluded that for whatever reason the whites in Calumet Park schools, who had far more contact with black students, exhibited far less prejudice than their counterparts in Alsip.

In many city neighborhoods, like South Shore and Chatham, population shifts from white to black have had little effect upon housing conditions—except for the better. But at the same time, there has frequently been a withdrawal of basic services — commercial, medical, recreational, and so on. This has not occurred in Calumet Park. While never a major commercial area, it has retained its shopping strips and the usual retail businesses.There has been recent construction of a luxury motel, a funeral home, a large auto parts store, a dry cleaners, and an expansion of a retail liquor and food store.

One of the most important factors in bringing together blacks and whites and Mexicans has been the Church of Seven Holy Founders. Father Mark Dennehy O.S.M., and Father Norbert M. Balasso , O.S.M., run a thoroughly integrated program. The school is completely integrated as are the various functions run by the church. A prime example is Footlights, the annual show, which is a whole family festival. At one point it was suggested that there be two festivals — one for blacks and one for whites. This was vetoed by the parishioners as well as by the priests. In fact, as Father Dennehy indicated, the church promotes participation in Footlights by a scheme of giving parochial school tuition credits in accordance with the degree of participation. Taking a major part in the show could credit a family as much as $200 a year toward tuition while lesser participation earns less credits. On the whole, this annual show has been a prominent integrating force. Similarly, there are big ethnic food days with Polish, Italian, Mexican, and black dishes, and complete interracial participation.

NOT ALL BLACKS agree that the goal of an integrated community is as important as Calumet Park has made it, or at least that it should take priority over simply opening up new areas where blacks can find housing, whether or not those areas remain integrated. Clyde Brooks, president of the Chicago branch of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, says that "counseling blocks" — the focusing of conscious efforts on certain blocks to discourage further sales to minorities and thereby keep an area from becoming resegregated — are just another name for racial quotas that limit options to minority homeseekers. "Why," asks Brooks, "should there be two percent minority members on a certain



block? Why ten percent, twenty percent? Who can set limits? I'm against them."

Writing in *Illinois Issues*, Beverly Ann Fleming of St. Louis goes further: "What's wrong with an all-black community? Only a minority of the population wish to live in integrated neighborhoods. While the majority feel most comfortable with their own kind, this desire . . . cannot be a flimsy excuse for discrimination. At the same time, all levels of government need to guard against being so over-zealous to provide equal opportunity that the people they are trying to help get hurt."

Nevertheless, a University of Michigan survey indicates that only twelve percent of black families, given a free choice, seem to prefer all-black neighborhoods. And this appears to represent the feeling in Calumet Park. Frank Clark, the black chairman of the Community Relations Commission, says that he can sympathize with those blacks who give the frustrating struggle for integration a lower priority than other goals. But he also thinks that blacks as well as whites suffer from the real-estate machinations involved in quick racial change, and he believes that Calumet Park is a richer place to live, thanks to its racial integration. Fair Housing Administrator Ted Davia says he hasn't experienced any opposition to the community's counseling efforts. And one black resident insists, "I've never lived in a racially exclusive area, and I won't begin now. If whites move out, I will,"

Right now, the proportion of black residents in Calumet Park is increasing. The 1980 census showed that they constituted thirty percent of the population. Because many whites are elderly couples or are single, while blacks are mostly families with one to three children, blacks occupy only some twenty percent of the housing — but provide forty-five percent of the school population. At this time, it is difficult to say where Calumet Park Village will go in the next ten to twenty years. It is indisputable that today blacks and whites are living there harmoniously; that there has been no mass exodus as occurred in so many other areas; and that all vital signs — housing conditions, crime rates, fire incidence, school performance, and commercial activity — are in good order.

As Ted Davia says, "It may be that the area will someday be all black. But the generation or so who will have experienced an integrated community can move on better prepared for the task of interracial living that is the essential task in a nation like ours."

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WHERE ARE THE RELIGIOUS VOICES OF PROTEST?

Israel's scandalous course

DAVID BURRELL

Jerusalem

IT IS TELLING that people living in the Middle East turn to BBC or to Radio Français for information and assessment of events around them. For the polarization of attitudes twists each side's rendering of events themselves, even to the words used to describe them. Israeli radio and television standardly tar any initiative on the part of the Palestinian Liberation Organization as "terrorist activity," while Arabs cannot bring themselves to refer to Israel except as "the Jews." And on the part of Israeli Arabs, notably from the Galilee, this latter practice must be seen as an effort to maintain their self-respect as well as the required modicum of allegiance to the state of which they are a part; they are after all Israelis. Similarly, Israeli news commentary insists on calling anyone who refuses to back *their* political schemes in the "administered" territories an "extremist," whereas most westerners — Jews, Christians, or secular — would hardly regard a desire for political self-expression as extreme.

As one who has lived now for a year and a half in both sides of Jerusalem, studying Hebrew and Arabic while administering an ecumenical institute and now teaching at the Hebrew University, immersed in medieval theological discussions involving Jewish, Christian, and Muslim thinkers while discussing these and contemporary topics with their successors of today, I have worked scrupulously to respect and to understand both sides. I believe I am more appreciative than westerners who do not live in the region of the justice of Israel's claim that theirs is the only democratic social and political structure in this part of the world. This fact is evidenced in the considerable space devoted to thoughtful opposition statements in the Hebrew press. Yet sober assessments seem hardly a match for more provocative rhetoric on the part of highly placed officials, say, at the United Nations. And what is truly dismaying in Israel today is the widespread inefficacy of an extremely literate (and often incensed) intelligentsia over against the rhetorical campaign of a government intent on polarization.

It is that single-minded intent which leads me to break a self-imposed silence on developments here: a silence imposed by the continuing effort to represent each side fairly, as well as one dictated by simple prudence. Only the three-week visitor can afford to write knowingly! Yet a pervasive sadness over the recent death of Arab youths in and near Ramallah and Hebron, as well as the retaliatory destruction of family homes in Beit-Sahur (near Bethlehem), impels a word to and about Israel from one who finds in the nation so much that is admirable, and who loves so many of her people. So first a word on that.

Israel *is* a western outpost in the Levant, but so has Lebanon been since the French secured it after the first war. So the seeds of the conflict are deeply cultural: from the roof of the Ecumenical Institute (Tantur) on the southern edge of Jerusalem, one's scan is sharply divided between the village of Beit-Jala climbing up the steep slopes of the Gilo ridge to leave the contours unencumbered, and the southernmost sector of a new Jerusalem which covers the north end of that same ridge with high-rise apartments clustered in fortress fashion.

That impression bespeaks the defense mentality of an Israel so effectively surrounded by an alien culture and more or less hostile states that the attitudes engendered remind one of an island people. For Israel is quite nearly an island, since beyond the gate left ajar by Egypt, Israelis can enter or depart their country only by air or sea. One would expect such a situation, over time, profoundly to affect a populace. And it has. For the vast majority, who cannot afford periodic respites in Europe or America, conciliation can only spell weakness. The convictions which brought them here — freely or forcibly — will harden into a set determination, unless lured into more reasonable channels by thoughtful and charismatic leaders. And these, of course, have been notoriously silent or simply unavailable to Israel in recent days—on religious or political fronts. Daniel's words from the midst of a Babylonian furnace sound especially prophetic today: "we have at this time no leader, no prophet, no prince . . ." (3:38).

I AM ONE who would defend the right of Jews to settle in Palestine, as well as the relative necessity of their establishing the state of Israel. Yet under present circumstances I am pressed to ask whether that nation, under its present leadership, is not resolutely engaged in forfeiting that right and respect by its aggressive and unimaginative treatment of the indigenous population? And when I reflect on how the Arab and Jewish families one meets inside each of the two societies reflect such similar aspirations and so powerful a range of

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human sensibilities, that question becomes all the more painful to put. Yet it must be put, for a little analysis can sometimes begin to dissolve a mass of rhetoric. and the latest rhetorical expression, of course, is *autonomy,* as it is officially interpreted here.

Many American visitors, impressed by the West Bank's share in Israel's relative prosperity, cannot understand why the more sensible among its inhabitants will not be satisfied with what they are being offered: space in which to earn money and raise a family. A sensible question, no doubt, and one immensely tempting to the naturally capitalist Arab. Yet only a little reflection is needed to see that it is to their credit that they do not take the bait.

The Israeli "autonomy" scheme is undilutedly paternalistic: we'll let you live your lives so long as you don't ask for political status. Yet it is that very requirement of today's world, that each individual carry a passport, which allows one to recognize the relative necessity for establishing Israel as a state in the promised homeland of Palestine. So the Jewish state of little more than a quarter of a century finds itself playing the hated role of the mandate authorities, and even tolerates fringe groups of Jews whose attitudes can fairly be described as neo-Nazi. How did Israel come to such a self-contradictory and potentially self-destructive impasse? And what can we whose religious history is entwined with an historic Israel and whose political destinies are linked with both peoples, do about it? How can we respond to it?

We can continue to try to make sense of the situation and so encourage each side to talk sense, while refusing to allow ourselves to become polarized. An example of the first approach would be to press the discussion of autonomy for some relevant parallels, so that the term can function at least analogously to situations we know, as in the autonomous provinces of Sicily and Sardegna, or of Val d'Aosta and Alto Adige (Südtirol) in Italy. Here ethnic groupings enjoy definite concessions, but all are citizens of one state. It is in fact difficult to understand how Israeli promises to the Palestinians of "personal autonomy" can be regarded as a political charter. If a state continues to rule over a group of people without offering to incorporate them politically, then the only description of such a situation is "occupied."

Quite independently, then, of the status of Palestinians' right to their land (who else could rightly claim it?), the character of Israeli rule is certainly more accurately described as occupation than administration. Without even broaching the vexing question of the settlements, whose land acquisitions have made a mockery of any promise of "personal autonomy," the Israelis cannot do otherwise than show force if they would keep in line close to a million and a half people who will not be assimilated and whom they would not assimilate, and yet cannot dispossess.

Here is where the collective reaction to a moral and human dilemma shows its ugliest face. Unwilling and unable to unravel it all, the "average Israeli" prefers to elect a government that will "get tough." Rather than risk getting to know this indigenous people whom they are "administering," Israelis prefer to let their army handle it, watching impassively the scenes of television which show the lengths to which their uniformed representatives must go to keep things under control. What is more, the current disarray on the West Bank seems of little interest inside Israel.

THERE IS HAPPILY a small but vocal sector, well-expressed in the monthly *New Outlook* (2 Karl Netter St., Tel Aviv 65202 — see especially the March 1982 issue.) Its writers stress the potential effect of such policies on Israel itself, especially through an army which is assured of being thoroughly representative by thirty months of compulsory service for every man and woman, followed by reserve duty for men until fifty. Since it is not some impersonal institution, "the army," then, but individuals fulfilling their military service who are called upon forcibly to suppress the aspirations of their Arab contemporaries, what effect will continuing such a policy have on them, and through them, on Israel? Not the sort of question one can answer, yet to ask it is to discover a potential chink in Israel's unyielding façade, and a spark of hope for the people themselves as well as the "stranger in their midst" (Dt 24:17).

For if political Zionism's justification for statehood is best made expressly relative to other contemporary arrangements (or deprivation, as with the Armenians), religious Zionism's claim to the land is even more radically relative. For the prophets' teaching echoes and intensifies that of Moses, in the Deuteronomic spirit tested in Babylon: the land is given to God's people not as a right but in trust, and one of the tests for its rightful possession is precisely their treatment of the stranger in their midst. It is true, of course, that many Jews find so expressly theological an attitude towards the land as inexplicable as most Christians, yet they must also acknowledge sentiments towards it which would count as religious in any other culture. By the same token, all but the most fanatic — in fact, every Israeli whom I have met — finds the current prime minister's propensity to translate from biblical injunctions directly into political claims insulting to both arenas. Yet there is little vocal protest from the expressly religious sectors, whose political associations stand ever ready to help him form a coalition. So one cannot but wonder how much the allure of the "secular arm" dampens the prophetic spirit.

Without an effective opposition from the political or religious forces in Israel, then, the current policy of willful assertion and suppression in the occupied areas reigns supreme.

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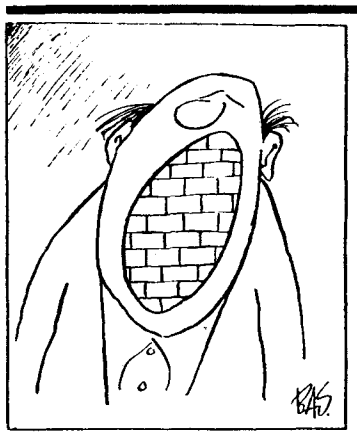
Demagoguery manipulates the religious traditions and historical fears of persecution so effectively as always to capture the flag in a contest with rational debate. Secular analysts may deplore the absence of sane political leaders; as a priest and theologian I am even more dismayed at the impotence of religious spokesmen to bring the finest traditions of Judaism to its rescue in this scandalous moment. For scandalous it is when a people with such rich religious and intellectual resources cannot arrest so suicidal a course as the present mood and *politique* which directs events in Israel. All that one like myself has come to admire and respect in this spectacular venture of returning to settle the land hangs in jeopardy before an "ugly Israeli" policy which makes the notoriously ugly American almost attractive by comparison.

But this contrast is a comparison as well. To the extent that American policy conveys an image of an aggressive, swaggering and heavy-handed protagonist on the world scene — an international John Wayne — such an image of America is potentially far more threatening than Israel's belligerence, except for the strategic and symbolic location this little nation occupies. Yet we can find in America strong countervailing voices of church and synagogue. So western Christians, placed by tradition and recent events in a position to be *for* both contenders in the Holy Land, can be chastened by these parallels yet heartened by them as well — especially in the face of nasty retorts of anti-Semitism. For if sounding a clear voice contrary to current Israeli policy is to invite the charge of anti-Semitism, the yet clearer heart of friendship must invite the accusers to assess who their true friends might be.

If the current prime minister enjoys a "most-favored" status with the PLO, there must be good reasons for it. In fact, one's greatest fear now is that the conventional enemies who ring this land will not have to lift a finger, for the fear that their very presence induces, fanned into paranoia by short-sighted political leaders, will carry Israel itself to a second Masada. Yet one also knows that the hearts of this people are strong and stout enough to resist such a suicidal course, if only a few grams of imagination could be found in their political and religious leadership. Where it emerges, let us join forces to support it.



CHURCH & STATE IN EAST GERMANY

The threat of peace

PEADAR KIRBY

VISITING SITES associated with the great German Reformer, Martin Luther, is particularly frustrating at the moment. The door of the Castle church in Wittenberg where he nailed his ninety-five theses in 1517 is covered over by scaffolding. Further down the street the house where he lived is closed for renovation. The Augustinian monastery in Erfurt where he became a monk is being reconstructed. The Wartburg castle where he translated the New Testament into German has scaffolding around one section of it.

The work in progress is a combined effort by church and state in East Germany to restore these buildings in time for the five-hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth next year. This cooperation is the most vivid symbol of the increasingly good relations between the majority Lutheran church and the Communist state authorities of East Germany. Not only has Martin Luther been rehabilitated in the ruling ideology after many years of being regarded with some suspicion but the state has set up a Martin Luther committee under the chairmanship of Erich Honecker, the General Secretary of the Communist party, the SED, which groups Marxist politicians and academics with theologians, church historians, and four Lutheran bishops.

The territory of the presentday German Democratic Republic (GDR) is the heartland of German Protestantism and contains all the main sites associated with Luther's life. The eight provincial Lutheran churches in the GDR comprise some eight million members out of a population of some seventeen million. The Catholic church, on the other hand, has only 1.3 million members, many of them German Catholics who had to leave Poland and Czechoslovakia after the second World War and so people who identify little with the part of Germany they now live in.

From a situation of mutual confrontation after the war, Christians and Marxists have now come to take each other seriously, according to Dr. Claus-Pieter Hertz, professor of theology in the University of Jena in the south of the country. The Communists have had to accept that the church is not going to wither away as they had first thought and the Christians have also come to realize that the state they now live in is not provisional as they had believed when it was first set up in 1949. The Lutheran church formally acknowledged this when it broke its institutional unity with the church in West Germany in 1969, setting up a separate federation in the GDR and thus adding greater legitimacy to the division of Germany. At the

PEADAR KIRBY, *an Irish journalist living in Dublin, recently returned from East Germany.*

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same time it officially defined its position as being "a church neither alongside nor against, but a church in socialism." In return the state has given greater freedom of action to the church, a position formally expressed at an historic "summit meeting" of the leaders of the Lutheran church and the state in March 1978 at which Mr. Honecker officially welcomed the cooperation of the church in the development of society.

But while Protestant links with the state have been growing, Catholics have remained aloof. They see themselves as a diaspora in a double sense, as one priest put it to me. They are in a minority position as against the Protestant church on the one hand and the Marxist-Leninist state on the other. They have no tradition of state links as the Lutherans had under the Prussian Empire and neither can they draw on the record of the 'Confessing Church' when a section of the Lutheran church won respect from the Communists for their principled opposition to the Hitler regime. The suspicion with which they view the state was underlined by the far less successful "summit" between Catholic and state leaders in January 1980 when the Catholics insisted on restricting discussion to church matters.

DESPITE THIS STANCE, however, the Catholic church enjoys the same wide measure of freedom given to the Protestant churches. This, according to a senior priest, is greater than is given in any other Eastern Bloc state. The churches have complete freedom to run their internal affairs without interference, they have their services broadcast on a rotating basis by state radio every Sunday morning, and they even get state monies towards the upkeep of the clergy.

More striking is the network of social services run by both the Catholic and Protestant churches with state financial help. I visited the Lutheran-run St. Stephanus home in East Berlin where 120 old people live in excellent conditions and receive a high standard of care. In the same complex is a school for 120 mentally handicapped children, 60 of whom live in. The churches care for over half the mentally handicapped in the GDR and state officials I met were lavish in their praise of the dedicated work done by the churches in this field. As well as institutions like St. Stephanus the churches maintain hospitals, sanitoria, childrens' homes, and convalescent homes.

In the educational sphere the churches have their own colleges to train church workers. The Lutheran church runs three theological colleges as well as catechetical centers and schools of church music in which it has a rich tradition. The Catholic seminary in Erfurt has some one hundred students. The state also finances six theological faculties in state universities in all of which Protestant clergy are trained. The churches also publish weekly and monthly magazines and run publishing houses. Though there is no formal censorship, I was told that discretion has to be exercised as to what is published. However, I did notice translations of G.K. Chesterton and of Charles de Foucauld, published by the Catholic publishers, on sale in bookshops. These publishing houses even export Bibles to the West! The churches also have the right to make a number of television programs each year for transmission on state TV.

Even more remarkable is the fact that the Lutheran church remains the only large private landowner in the state since its extensive landholdings were not confiscated during the land reform. An order of Catholic nuns runs the state's only private secondary school in East Berlin. In recent years also the churches have been given permission to build churches in the new housing estates though the state uses this as a means of earning more "hard" Western currency since it requires the churches to pay for the building in West German marks.

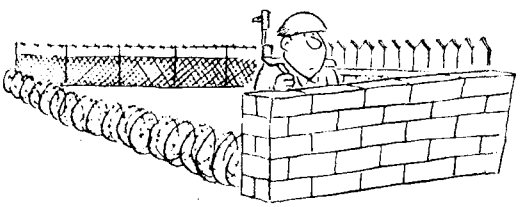
Though no religious education is allowed in state schools, any of the priests or pastors I spoke to about this say it as an advantage for the churches to have to run programs of religious education in the church since it strengthens parish life. Neither did they seem very worried by the state's official policy of educating all children in an atheistic worldview. In fact, when I pressed officials to give concrete examples of what this means in practice the only instance they could mention was that the theory of evolution is taught to explain the origins of the race rather than a creationist view based on the Bible.

Of greater concern to church officials is the monolithic nature of education which does not encourage the pupils to think critically for themselves. One youth pastor explained the results of this when he told me the difficulties he has had getting young people to discuss issues like peace or disarmament because these are words used constantly in the official ideology. " 'Revolution' is a word which is occupied," he said when speaking of his attempts to describe the theology of liberation to the young.

But in spite of these initial difficulties the churches have come to fulfill a vital role as the only institutions not controlled by the state. One priest used the words *"frei-raum"* or free-room to describe how the churches provide the only opportunity for people to discuss openly their experiences, the only possibility to disagree publicly with the all-pervasive and narrow state ideology.

Because of this the young people I met randomly in cafes and restaurants all agreed that the churches are very popular with the young, and one priest told me how atheistic parents are worried when they see their children going to church, an ironic twist to the worry many Christian parents have in the West when they see their children giving up religious practice.

OUT OF THIS widespread network of discussion groups, or *"basengruppen"* as one priest called them (the similarity with the term *comunidad de base*, used all over Latin America, immediately struck me), a new and politically explosive phenomenon is arising. This is the growing peace movement which in recent months has issued what is called "The Berlin Appeal" calling for disarmament in East as well as West Germany and which held a spontaneous demonstration in the southern city of Dresden after a church service



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commemorating the allied bombing of the city in 1945. So worried is the state at the movement that it prohibited the wearing of armbands bearing the biblical slogan "Swords into Plowshares" which was becoming a symbol of the movement.

The Rev. Rainer Eppelmann, a youth pastor in East Berlin, is acknowledged as one of the main leaders of the peace movement. His name was the first of the thirty-five signatures on the "Berlin Appeal: Make Peace Without Arms" and after it was published in a West German newspaper in February he was immediately arrested and held for two days by the police. He told me that any movement independent of the state raises for them associations of Hungary in 1956, Czechoslovakia in 1968 and Poland in 1980. But he emphasized that he is a "Christian Marxist," and that the GDR is his state; he does not want to move to the West though he says the state would like to see him do so. He also spoke of the increasing numbers of young people at the *Blues-messe*" or folk masses he organized, saying attendances had gone from 250 to over 5,000. The principal singer and writer of songs for these liturgies, the nineteen-year-old Karl Winkler, had recently been expelled to West Berlin after spending thirteen months in prison.

The roots of this peace movement go very deep, however. This was explained to me by Jurgen Fuchs, now living on the other side of the Wall in West Berlin after he was expelled from the GDR in 1977 for publicly protesting at the expulsion of a famous folk singer, Wolf Biermann. "Our movement is not a sudden fad, it has deep roots," he said in describing the wide network of discussion groups under the protection of the church, some of which date back to the 1960s. As he spoke I noticed a copy of Charter '77 from Czechoslovakia on the wall behind him, and he told me that the movement has been inspired a lot by the example of Solidarity. They now see the importance of coordinating the various movements of dissent in Eastern Europe, and he uses his flat for meetings of groups of Polish exiles.

Not all sectors of the Lutheran church welcome this new public militancy. In discussions with some of the church's leaders they continuously emphasized to me that the different political situation they worked in must be taken into account and that their way must be that of dialogue with the state rather than confrontation which could be counterproductive. As one put it graphically, referring to the desire of many young people to organize mass demonstrations such as those they have seen on Western television, "such a demonstration would be seen here as an enemy attitude against the state that must be defeated with all state power."

The careful modus vivendi built up between the majority church and the state over many years may therefore be threatened by the very deep and sincere commitment to disarmament of the peace movement. Already the private sympathy of church leaders for the cause of the peace movement is known but they may be increasingly called on to show this more openly. The state's fear that the peace movement may become for the GDR what Solidarity is for Poland may become a self-fulfilling prophecy if they continue to try to repress every public manifestation of it.

Screen

SMALL PLEASURES

HER HEART BELONGS TO DADDY

ONE MORNING about a year ago, I stopped by Radio City Music Hall to watch the shooting of a scene for *Annie*. Nothing was happening. The entire proscenium of the vast theater had been redecorated for the occasion so that the stage looked almost expectant, as if it were just waiting to be filled with lights, cameras, and lots of action. But production seemed to be in a state of paralysis. Everyone was milling about. Albert Finney was in the lobby in his Daddy Warbucks costume regaling someone with stories of other times, other films. Neither Annie (Aileen Quinn) nor her dog Sandy was anywhere in sight, though the latter was to have a key role in the scheduled scene. (Warbucks's secretary, Grace Farrell, played by Ann Reinking, was supposed to chase Sandy up on the stage and there become involved in dance numbers that were a finale to an elaborate "Let's Go to the Movies" sequence.) Some place back in about the fiftieth row sat director John Huston, his mind seemingly as far from the stage as the rest of him. I thought that perhaps Huston just wasn't interested because musical numbers weren't his business. They were being directed separately by Joe Layton, a Tony-award winner for *Barnum*, who was huddled somewhere else with director of photography Richard Kline.

Even *Annie*'s producer, the legendary Ray Stark, couldn't seem to get the day's schedule under way. He was wandering aimlessly from his actors to his crew to his directors and back again. I had other things to do, so I left and returned in the late afternoon. By then Reinking's number was actually being shot, and the malaise that had seemed to hover over the production in the morning had crystallized into a full-scale disaster. The shot I watched the crew make, in which Reinking danced through mirror images of herself (i.e., other dancers wearing Ann Reinking masks), was hideous. The masks were a macabre touch, and as Reinking whirled past them being tracked by a Steadicam, the scene took on an expressionistic, almost nightmarish quality. A couple of weeks later I heard that the color photography was even worse than the dance number itself, and shortly after that, Stark fired director of photography Kline. None of those enormously expensive production numbers at Radio City was to end up in the film.

To cut Reinking's number must have been a very hard decision for Ray Stark to make. It wasn't as if the number were just an isolated mistake. It resulted from the whole approach Stark was taking, which was to try to expand the appeal of the Broadway musical by working a bit against the grain of it. *Annie* had had a tremendous run on the stage, but it had attracted an audience comprised mainly of kids and their

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grandparents. To make a $40 million movie pay for itself, Stark knew, you have to attract everyone in between as well. So Stark had gotten rid of Randall Kleiser, the director of *Blue Lagoon* whom Columbia Pictures had initially assigned to *Annie*; and Stark had also paid off Thomas Meehan, who wrote the original Broadway musical, without even reading his screen adaptation. Stark was sure that their work would be too much in the saccharine spirit of the original. Instead, he brought in Huston, who had done *The Maltese Falcon, The Asphalt Jungle, Fat City,* and *Wise Blood,* but never a musical. And to do the dance numbers he hired Arlene Phillips, a choreographer with a reputation based on the punk *avant-garde* in Britain. The result of this kind of thinking on Stark's part seemed to be the fiasco I witnessed from the wings at Radio City last spring. In fact, when I look back on what I saw there a year ago, I'm absolutely amazed that *Annie* has turned out to be the delightful movie it is.

"God," someone once said, "is in the details." The details are what have saved Ray Stark's bacon on *Annie*. In addition to making all the big policy decisions, Stark functioned as the line producer, the guy in charge of the day-to-day ins and outs of making the film. This is unusual, and I suspect that it, as much as any larger view Stark took, is what finally pulled *Annie* together. By being on the set and poring over the daily rushes, Stark must have realized what was working when all else failed. He inspired Huston, Finney and the others to give him the little touches that could make up for big failures.

In place of the "Let's Go to the Movies" production number, for instance, Stark has put a real thirties movie for Warbucks, Grace, and Annie to watch from their seats in the Music Hall. *Annie*'s editor, who is now in her eighties, happens to have been the editor on *Camille* (!), and she has re-cut that 1937 classic into a ninety-second mini-feature. At this point in *Annie,* Warbucks is supposed to begin taking a romantic interest in Grace. The sumptuousness of the production number originally slated for this scene was to indicate the strength of his palpitations. But now all of that has to be gotten across in a few reaction shots as he, Grace, and Annie watch *Camille*. Finney really rises to the occasion. Whatever emotions the choreography might have aroused dance across his face instead. As soon as *Camille* comes on, Grace begins to cry, and Warbucks begins to look uncomfortable. With each successive shot, Finney manages to look just slightly more distressed. His expression combines Warbucks's feelings with the bewilderment Warbucks is experiencing because he's never had such emotions before. Meanwhile, Annie is thoroughly enjoying herself for having brought Warbucks and Grace together. The masterstroke in the last shot is that Grace is still crying, Warbucks still fidgeting, Sandy still watching the movie, and Annie has fallen asleep.

An equally appealing moment comes when Warbucks takes Annie to visit F.D.R. (Edward Herrmann) and Eleanor (Lois De Banzie) at the White House. F.D.R. wants Warbucks to head up the C.C.C., a prospect that makes Warbucks almost as uncomfortable as Grace did. Again Annie intercedes. When F.D.R. tries to explain the New Deal to her, she says she knows what he means. Whenever she and her friends got to feeling low, she tells him, they sang a certain song. That's right: "Tomorrow." She begins teaching it to him, and he makes Warbucks and Eleanor — "Oh, Franklin," the latter protests, "You know I can't sing!" — join in. Warbucks gets that unhappy look on his face again, and all four of them wind up trying to harmonize, like a barber shop quartet, as they gather under Gilbert Stuart's portrait of Washington on the Oval Office wall.

Washington's expression next to Warbucks's, as if both were posing for the same group portrait, is the perfect touch of nuttiness this time. Stark needed a way to bring off "Tomorrow" — not something elaborate, just something fresh — because the song is too familiar. If you have no other awareness of *Annie* at all, you are still at least "vaguely aware of little girls with big voices singing 'Tomorrow,' " as Tim Curry put it. (Another of Stark's efforts to cut against the wholesomeness of *Annie* is casting Curry as the villain, Rooster, on the strength of Curry's performance in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and his consequent popularity with teenagers.) Making "Tomorrow" function as a camp parody of thirties politics is just the enrichment of the *Annie* material Stark was looking for. He couldn't have achieved it better if he had had all of Warbucks's war bucks to spend on production numbers.

Rumor has it that with all his problems on *Annie*, Stark has exceeded his budget by $10 million, bringing the film's total costs to a record-breaking $50 million all told. The great irony of this is that the film succeeds in little ways, by its endless small pleasures like the quartet that sings "Tomorrow," and the portrait of Washington on the wall.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

(The first of two parts)

Stage

GROWING AWAY

FUGARD'S 'MASTER HAROLD'

'MASTER HAROLD' . . . AND THE BOYS, the most overtly autobiographical play Athol Fugard has written, is set in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, in 1950. It takes place during a rainy afternoon in the customerless St. Georges Park Tea Room, in which the two black employees, Sam and Willie, and the adolescent son of the owner fill the time with apparently idle and often funny conversation which turns ugly and destructive before the final curtain. It is clear from the reminiscences of the three characters—particularly Hally, who most fondly remembers the day Sam built a kite for him—that they have been a group since the boy was very young, that Sam is a kind of surrogate father to make up for Hally's real father, who is both a cripple and a drunk. More important dramatically, it is obvious in the exchanges between

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Sam and Hally that they share a kind of intellectual equality in which Hally's occasional high-handed rejection of Sam's comments reflect a boy's attempt to master ideas, not to be master of the man who is both his teacher and his pupil.

Offstage, Hally's mother has gone to the hospital where, at the father's insistence and over Hally's outraged protests, she takes the man back to their home. The intrusion of this news from the outside alters the atmosphere in the tearoom. Hally professes to love his father, but it is obvious that he hates the homelife created by the man's presence, the one that led him first to the sanctuary of the servants' room. His shame and guilt are so great that he finally kills the father symbolically by attacking Sam at first with words, finally by spitting in his face. He remakes himself in the image of his ignorant, racist, casually cruel natural father—or finds that white stereotype in himself—at the expense of the curious, incipiently perceptive boy who seems to be the product of the intelligence, the understanding, the inventiveness of his black father. Sam's anger is kept in check by Willie, by the society in which they live, by his own good sense and most of all by his compassion for his tormentor. Having said that if he once calls the boy "Master Harold" he will never use the more familiar name, he relents at the end, calls him Hally again, suggests that they try to restore what has been lost, but the young man, crippled by shame and a kind of perverted pride (his father's son?), cannot embrace the offer of the man. He exits, alone, into the rain, heading for the homeless home, having cut off his one refuge.

Cut off, but perhaps not irrevocably. He does not say *no*, he says *I don't know*. Once he is gone, leaving a broken Sam who says that he has failed in his attempt to rescue the boy from the guilt he feels, Willie attempts a rescue operation of his own. He returns to the discussion of ballroom dancing with which the play opens—the central image in the drama—and lures Sam into trying a few steps. Zakes Mokae, who plays Sam, is a slightly chubby man who moves with grace early in the play, as Sam demonstrates the quick step for Willie. Now he moves with precision still, but with a leaden reluctance in the steps. By the end of the play, however, the two men are dancing together—Sam leading, of course—in a final image that Fugard says is a memory out of his own past, one which provided the original impulse to create a play that would lead to that visual moment. It is an ambiguous ending. A viewer, burdened by the destructiveness of Hally, may see the final dance as a ludicrous image of a society in which Sam and Willie are forced into the doubtful comfort of an unfulfilling unity within separateness. A viewer, uplifted by the best qualities in Sam, may see the dance as an attempt to recreate the dream of the ballroom which, as Sam explicates the symbol for Hally earlier in the play, represents a world in which people move with ease and joy without bumping one another.

Master Harold is essentially a coming-of-age play (*v. Henry IV, Caesar and Cleopatra*) in which a young person, schooled by circumstances and/or a teacher, becomes an adult. Here, however, Hally does not grow up so much as grow away, unless growing up in South Africa in 1950 necessarily means withdrawal into a narrow world in which, however painful, men force themselves into racial and social pigeonholes. Sam has such a strong sense of his pedagogical role in relation to Hally that he becomes overtly didactic, explaining not only the meaning of ballroom dancing, but what he and Hally have done, are doing. In *A Lesson from Aloes*, where the titular image was not only presented but explained, Fugard showed a tendency toward direct teaching which has grown stronger in *Master Harold*. I prefer a play that keeps its meanings implicit, as in Fugard's early plays, but if a new urgency in the playwright—a response to the current situation in South Africa, a return to his own past—demands that he at once present and explicate, he does so with the skill of a major artist. Hally's relentless drive to destroy what he most needs and loves has a dramatic and emotional validity that transcends Sam's, Fugard's need to explain the moment of dissolution.

GERALD WEALES

Art

MANY REALISMS

DIFFERENT VISIONS UNDER ONE BANNER

SINCE THE MIDDLE of the last century, realism in American art has always carried with it a special freight. We only begin to describe it when we note its concern with verisimilitude. What gives American realism its special character is its concern with the world beyond the painter's studio, what art historian Linda Nochlin has called the realist's "taste for ordinary experience in a specific time, place, and social context." This social vision is apparent in the post-Civil War work of Thomas Eakins and Winslow Homer, which abandoned the romanticism of earlier American art to focus on the detailed representation of day-to-day life, and in our own century the realists' concern with being part of their time has been even more conspicuous. With John Sloan and the Ash Can school realism meant not only an emphasis on urban life but an interest in the downtrodden, and for the New Deal artists of the 1930s, it was necessary to go a step further. For painters such as Ben Shahn and Philip Evergood, it was not enough to document the lives of the poor, it was essential to put their struggles into political focus.

The flowering of American realism over the last decade and a half thus brings with it special implications. It marks not only the end of abstract art as the ruling force on the American art scene but the emergence of an art with the capacity to reflect the political turmoil of the 1960s and 1970s. No longer is it necessary to ask whether there is a New Realism. The relevant question is how is the New Realism to be defined given the variety of styles (traditional realism, painterly realism, photo realism, super realism) it seems to include.

The most common way of dealing with this issue is to avoid it altogether and insist that the New Realism is an amalgam of

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styles rather than any single style. This is the line taken in the most impressive shows to date of the New Realism: the San Antonio Museum of Art's 1981 exhibit, *Real, Really Real, Super Real,* and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts' *Contemporary American Realism Since 1970* (from now through July 25 on view at the Oakland Museum in California). To quote Frank Goodyear, curator of the Pennsylvania Academy show:

> The most essential point that can be made about contemporary American realism may seem simplistic— *there is a "new" realism* . . . Pluralistic in its attitudes (there is no one "new" realism) it reflects both a revisionist and an avant-garde bias . . . it does not constitute a school or movement in the usual sense. Clearly, the amount of disagreement and the fact that so many of the artists involved disapprove theoretically of each other's work militates against any consensus.

The virtue of such an eclectic approach to the New Realism is the leeway it provides. It makes it possible to look at contemporary realism in a fashion that is sensitive to its diversity, and it allows a museum to hang a show that contains the best in representational art. When the New Realism is seen in the broad terms that the San Antonio Museum of Art and the Pennsylvania Academy employ, there is no reason to exhibit its second string for the sake of fleshing out a definition of it.

But is this the best way of coming to terms with the complexity of the New Realism? If we believe that the New Realism, like the old, must be seen in terms of a social vision that reflects the world in which its artists live, then the answer is no. And what the no means in contemporary terms is that we must take a step backwards. We must cede back to abstract expressionism certain work that has been claimed for American realism over the last fifteen years. Specifically, we must draw a distinction between two groups of artists who should never have been lumped together under the rubric of New Realism: 1) those whose primary concerns are painterly or abstract and who use recognizable shapes and figures as a tool for getting at these concerns; 2) those whose primary concerns are concretely rendering the world in which they live and for whom recognizable figures and shapes are the embodiment of that world.

The differences between these groups of artists are not a matter of their choice of subject but their presentation of subject. Indeed, we can see the differences between them most sharply when, as with the following artists, we compare them on the basis of the way they approach common subjects:

	Realistic Abstraction	New Realism
Nudes	Philip Pearlstein	Jerome Witkin
Portraits	Alex Katz	Alfred Leslie
Cityscapes	Richard Estes	Idelle Weber
Landscapes	Neil Welliver	Willard Midgette

Philip Pearlstein's nudes provide a classic example of an artist using a realistic mode to deal with abstract problems. "I'm not painting people. I'm dealing with what you see, how you see, how you depict what you see," Pearlstein has written, and when we turn to his work, we see how thoroughly he has stuck to this modernist credo. To look at a Pearlstein nude is not to contemplate a sensual figure, let alone a figure with an inner life. It is to be drawn near to his subject by means of close-ups, distanced by arbitrary croppings (which often remove the model's head) and finally made to feel that the details we pay attention to are not a reflection of a real person so much as a painter's virtuoso techniques.

By contrast a New Realist such as Jerome Witkin is bent on making his model come alive as someone living in a particular time and place. In *The Screams of Kitty Genovese* we are shown a scene in which a man hastily puts on his shirt, while a woman, nude from the waist up, sits on her bed, illuminated both by the blue glow from her television and the orange light from a fallen lamp. The woman's sensuality is striking, but equally to the point is all that works against her sensuality in this scene of modern love. We are reminded by the picture's title that the real Kitty Genovese was killed because her cries for help went unheeded, and here too it seems as if the central figure's deepest, human needs (in this case for love) are not about to be answered. The result is that we cannot separate our interest in the physicality of Witkin's model from the sexual and social narrative with which he has surrounded her.

A parallel artistic situation exists in the portrait work of Alex Katz and Alfred Leslie. In Katz's portraits likeness is an important element, but the likenesses that Katz offers (even of himself) are likenesses in which detail is missing. It is the flatness of Katz's portraits that is striking, and what our attention is called to is not the identity of his subjects but a traditional problem in abstract art — the assimilation of the figure into the surface of the canvas.

By contrast a true New Realist such as Alfred Leslie may emphasize frontality and shallow picture space, but his use of such modernist techniques does not draw attention to himself as an artist but to the inner life of whomever he is painting. We see this emphasis most dramatically in the three panels of

Len Krisak

Counting Pentecosts

The gifted dove looks down on us in flames;
A present fire, it condescends with words:
Its true love burns—the lyrics of a song.
Twelve torches flicker from the breath-blown bird,
And we must speak about the earth burnt-tongued
And branded to un-Babel all its names.

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Leslie's monumental group portrait, *Americans: Youngstown*. Here what Leslie has caught is the struggle of his subjects (middle-Americans from an Ohio steel town) to unify their lives, to cross the barriers that in our society separate generations as well as races. It is this tension that makes the touching his subjects do, the way they stand next to each other and often dress alike so revealing, and at the same time it lets us see that, as they pose for the artist, what they have on their minds is a concern for each other that extends beyond the bounds of the picture in which they appear.

A similar set of human concerns gives the landscapes and cityscapes of the New Realism a historical dimension that is missing from realistic abstraction. We see this difference in striking fashion in the modern pastoralism of Neil Welliver and Willard Midgette. For Welliver, the Maine woods he paints are a place of timeless beauty, and in rendering them what he adds by his emphasis on brush stroke and pigment is his vision of the artist as medium: the person who makes the beauty of the woods accessible to those who have not experienced it first hand.

In a Willard Midgette landscape such as *Hitchhiker*, history, on the other hand, is everything, and the role of the artist as a transmitter of timeless beauty is something we do not think about. Although the middle ground and background of *Hitchhiker* are filled with sky and plain, it is the monumental figure of an Indian — a Vietnam vet with the name of his infantry outfit stencilled across his T-shirt—who dominates the scene. The isolation of the Indian against the vast flatness of the landscape, his somber expression, his dependence on a passerby for transportation all suggest an American West that has been robbed of its mythic possibilities by war (which the Indian now joins) and an economic system that has not only made the Indian a stranger in his own land but left him without a car of his own.

These contrasts are continued in the cityscapes of Richard Estes and Idelle Weber. For both artists, the techniques of photo realism are crucial, but in the realistic abstraction of Richard Estes, it is essentially tangential that the sanitized New York he paints should be New York in the 1970s. What Estes is concerned with is surface — the reflections from shop windows, the geometry of buildings, the light bouncing from signs and facades, and it is the magic in these banal objects that he conveys.

On the other hand the photo realism of Idelle Weber leads in the opposite direction. Although her surfaces are no less spectacular than those of Estes, by making her subject the trash of the city she gets to the heart of a throwaway society. In Weber's work our angle of vision is always downward, and particularly in such paintings as *East 127th St. Harlem*, where Martin Luther King's portrait lies alongside a Lipton Tea carton and a 7-Up carrier, we are reminded that a throwaway society produced a throwaway psychology. In Weber's urban world everything, even human life, is in the end made to seem disposable and transient.

The price of defining the New Realism in the terms I have just outlined is not to be underestimated. If one is keeping score, it means that some of the best artists now working in America cannot be gathered under the banner of realism. The problem is that there is no middle ground for compromise here. An inflated view of the New Realism is finally trivializing. In technical terms it obscures what is innovative about the New Realism: its adaptation *to its own purposes* of the visual directness, the oversize scale, the flatness of form, the emphasis on frontality of abstract expressionism. And in social terms the cost is even higher. We are made to forget that, while the New Realists may not wear their hearts on their sleeves, they have—be it in the form of an Indian army veteran hitchhiking across the West, a picture of Martin Luther King in the garbage of a Harlem Street, a beautiful young woman who sits on her bed as her lover hastily dresses—permanently captured the scope of the alienation that has pervaded every facet of American life since the middle 1960s. NICOLAUS MILLS

SELF-HUGGING PARABLES

Boiling the Irish Catholic pot

FRANK McCONNELL

A SOCIOLOGIST—Andrew Greeley, say—might well be interested in the reasons the Irish Catholic potboiler has suddenly become such big business in American fiction. John Gregory Dunne's *True Confessions*, Eugene Kennedy's *Father's Day*, Robert Tine's *State of Grace*, and a number of other novels have all done grandly lately, and have all relied, with varying degrees of skill, on much the same Mulligan stew of power politics, troubled priests, florid sex, and pure malarkey. Suddenly, if we can trust sales figures, it's very in to be Irish Catholic; especially if you're also disturbed about being Irish Catholic (and, saints preserve us, what Irish Catholic isn't?).

Of course, Andrew Greeley is unlikely to carry out that particular study, since he has become one of the chief potboilermakers himself. In his two novels, *The Cardinal Sins* and now *Thy Brother's Wife*,* the politics is as corrupt, the priests as troubled, the sex as overwritten, and the malarkey as uncut as you could wish. And, of course, since Greeley is a priest—indeed, one of the most controversial priests in America —

**The Cardinal Sins*. By Andrew Greeley. Warner Books, $12.95, 350 pp.
Thy Brother's Wife. By Andrew Greeley. Warner Books, $14.95, 351 pp.

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the novels carry an added, albeit extraliterary thrill. A priest, after all, writing so frankly about ecclesiastical hypocrisy and about illicit sex? Writing, God help us, about sex as ifit were *fun*? What must the world be coming to?

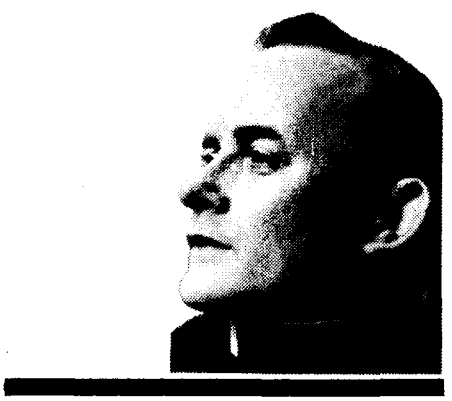
Well, rather less, actually, than Greeley himself seems to think. The big news that priests can be as horny as the rest of us should shock nobody who has actually inhabited the planet for a few years (it's always surprising, to be sure, how many people really haven't). His descriptions of political and churchly corruption are about as daring in their revelations as an average prime-time television series. And his espousal of a new, liberated Catholic theology turns out to be as inoffensive to conservatives, as basically old-fashioned and unadventurous, as Jacques Maritain himself could have desired.

Then why all the noise? Why was Greeley's first novel so viciously attacked by many Catholic reviewers, and so effusively praised by many dunderheads? And why is *Thy Brother's Wife*—a shallower performance in every way than *The Cardinal Sins*—likely to get the same treatment?

I think it has to do with two basic things: the innate fascination of the Irish Catholic experience in America, and Greeley's own brilliant talent for self-advertising.

Faith 'n begorrah, Sodom and Gomorrah: I said a few years ago that this is the elementary formula for the Irish Romantic American novel—let's abbreviate that to the IRA—and I think it still holds true. No ethnic group in this country can be quite as fatuous in its self-hugging as the Irish. "There is also hope," says the narrator of *The Cardinal Sins* in a funeral sermon for his father, "unquenchable hope, indeed the laughing hope with which we Irish always defy death." The sentimentality of that, particularly of the mawkish "we Irish," is deeply embarrassing. Greeley's characters, in times of severe stress or despair, tend to fall back for solace not so much on a faith or a love or even an idea, but rather on the mere fact of their Irishness. Silly, yes: but that's what the IRA is all *about:* and Greeley has grasped the formula with an accuracy that is either cynical or so innocent that it is just next door to pure cynicism.

THIS nonsense appeals as much as it does, I think, because — in post-Watergate, pre-nuclear, mid-Reagan America—the Irish obsession with family and with guilt and with tradition is a kind of mythic antidote for what, otherwise, seems a national crisis of jadedness (remember how we all laughed when Jimmy Carter attacked the "moral malaise" of America?). And such are the ironies of history that, when we try to think ourselves back to a time of real hope and real creativity in government,



most of us inevitably remember the image of the Kennedy years, of "Camelot"—a tarnished coin, to be sure, but still a brighter one than any since minted. Greeley, like Eugene Kennedy and a number of other writers of the IRA school, puts heavy stress on Camelot-nostalgia in both his novels, even introducing Robert F. Kennedy as a minor character in *Thy Brother's Wife*.

And if the Irish Americans generally are a self-hugging lot, nowhere do they embrace themselves more ferociously than in Dublin-by-the-lake, Chicago: the inevitable scene of Greeley's stories. Paul Cronin, the politician/anti-hero of *Thy Brother's Wife,* is described early on in the book as having "a devil-may-care grin and mischief-filled eyes: a black Irish warrior with the looks of a movie star." But of course, one sighs. Greeley perfectly incarnates in his characters all the arrogance, insularity, and irresponsible sentimentality of the Second City. He just doesn't, one feels, *know* that he does. And that is the difference between art and schlock, between a storyteller and a mere relayer of anecdotes.

Not that Greeley isn't fun to read. There is a set form to the IRA novel, almost as predictable as the conventions of soap opera, and both Greeley's novels fill it out to perfection. Take two strong male figures, both Irish Catholic, one dedicated to worldly success, the other dedicated to the spiritual life; make them related (e.g. father and son, best buddies from childhood, brothers); put them in conflict; put them in Chicago; stir in one, or no more than two, sexually active but guilt-ridden Irish women; and serve. In *The Cardinal Sins* (which contains an obvious caricature of Chicago's late Cardinal Cody) the antagonists are the worldly priest Patrick Donahue and the priestly priest Kevin Brennan (an obvious projection of Greeley himself). In *Thy Brother's Wife*—has no one, by the way, noticed how *dumb* that title is?—the antagonists are Paul Cronin the Kennedy/Daley style politician and Sean Cronin the priest. In Eugene Kennedy's *Father's Day* it is the politically-savvy old man and his idealistic son, the President of Notre Dame. In Dunne's *True Confessions* it is the cop and his brother, the priest on the make for the bishop's job. In your grammar school and mine, it was the kid who always knew how to cadge lunch money from the smaller kids, and the kid who announced in grade five that he was going into the seminary. Remember how those two always hung out together?

They did, I think, because of a fundamental and still unresolved schism in the Irish Catholic consciousness: the inability successfully to integrate a sense of being in the world with a sense of being justified. Those twins, fathers and sons, brothers and brothers, who inhabit the landscape of the IRA are really a dramatization—or maybe, even, a *projection*—of the deep split that cuts across that narcissistic culture. So the

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attractiveness of the IRA mythology for America at the present time may be more than merely a nostalgia for a lost culture of shared values. it may be, more seriously and more distressingly, a nostalgia for a simplified world of easy solutions and unexamined bromides that was false to begin with.

This, at any rate, is the impression one gets of the culture of Irish American Catholicism from Greeley's two books. Negligible as fiction, laughable as cultural history, they are nevertheless important — and disturbing — as phenomena. They are *smug*; and they seem to advocate smugness as a rational response to life.

Why should a priest, Greeley asks in the pompous afterwords to both novels, write novels at all? "Particularly," as he says after *Thy Brother's Wife*, "a secular novel, about adultery, incest, and sacrilege?" (I wonder, by the way, what the alternative is to a "secular novel"—a transcendental novel, maybe?) Well, because, he tells us, all the greatest religious teachers—Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha, etc.—have always used fiction as a means of getting their lessons across. Indeed, at the beginning of *The Cardinal Sins* and again at the beginning of *Thy Brother's Wife*, he thoughtfully provides us with introductory paragraphs explaining just how the story and characters to follow fit into a conventional scheme of Catholic morality. (Don't mind that whirr in the background, it's only Kierkegaard spinning in his grave.)

It is not the astonishing arrogance of this that I find so distressing, as much as the unsophistication of it all. If Greeley wants to explain his work as a fiction writer by analogy with the parables of Jesus, then by all means let him. But let him *not* have the bad taste to make the identification explicit. Any number of writers—J.F. Powers, Norman Mailer, Lawrence Sanders, and most especially Thomas Pynchon—have managed to transmute the Catholic experience in America into the stuff of real mythmaking, the stuff of real legend, the stuff of a real cultural access of consciousness. And these—*Morte D'Urban*, *The Third Deadly Sin*, *Gravity's Rainbow*—are *real* parables; they are stories that humanize us, that is, and stories that help us get through the day with something like grace. Andrew Greeley's crude cartoons are nothing of the sort. And it is—well, offensive of him to suggest that they are. In his headlong quest for scandalous storytelling, and his clumsiness on that quest, he resembles most, among recent American novelists, the unfortunate Erica Jong, whose *Fear of Flying* announced to us all what we all already should have known.

But to claim that this clumsiness is a "religious story?" Well, let me quote the famous utterance of a deposed alderman—convicted of fraud, peculation, blackmail, and embezzlement—from Greeley's beloved Chicago. As he exited, for the last time, the City Council, he turned in wrath and delivered the eloquent judgment:

"It ain't seemly."

Books: FEELING GOOD ABOUT OURSELVES

THE INNER AMERICAN
A SELF-PORTRAIT
FROM 1957 TO 1976
Joseph Veroff, Elizabeth Douvan & Richard A. Kulka
Basic Books, $36, 637 pp.

MENTAL HEALTH IN AMERICA
Joseph Veroff, Richard A. Kulka & Elizabeth Douvan
Basic Books, $30, 352 pp.

Michael Eigen

IN LIGHT of these studies, the old European caricature of Americans as happy babies appears to have some substance to it. Franz Kafka, for example, once turned to America as the home of health and innocent good will. Of course, the tables turned and America the Exploiter took center stage. Frued was prescient in his hatred of America. He feared psychoanalysis would get watered down here (it did). It was clear to him Americans were more interested in money than psychic life. He would not be surprised at the brittle ring of such current terms as "self-fulfillment" or "psychological mindedness," compared with, say, Jung's more profound "individuation," which involves a numinous Self.

The Inner American and *Mental Health in America* compare the findings of two national social psychological surveys made nineteen years apart, 1957 and 1976. Because of the length required by this report it was broken up into two books (possibly more to follow), one developing a portrait of the U.S.'s "psychological well-being," the other concentrating on help-seeking patterns. Over two thousand adults were interviewed in each sample. These were government-sponsored studies undertaken by highly sophisticated and competent researchers. The findings are too complicated to be summed up easily. I will have to be highly selective in order to convey the overall thrust, some details of interest, and a partial critique.

The Inner American presents data concerning such areas as subjective well-being, perceptions of self, marriage, parenthood, work, symptoms, and social support in times of stress. An overall finding is that most Americans tend to feel good about themselves in just about every area, and this is as true in 1976 as in 1957. According to the questions asked and answered, the authors conclude that "We are generally a happy culture, lacking anxiety, satisfied with our jobs, happy in our marriages, armed with positive orientations to ourselves, and buttressed by social support for problems we encounter." Again, ". . . we as a nation are doing well in subjective mental health."

If subjective well-being remains high, the way this well-being is organized shows an important shift from more so-

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cial or institutionalized to more personal ways of structuring well-being. An emphasis on roles and social organizations gives way to increased interest in self-expressiveness and self-direction.

In general, the movement toward individual rather than more tightly socially organized styles of living is expressed by the greater likelihood of people in 1976 to be more psychologically oriented. *Mental Health in America* indicates that people in 1976 were less likely to deny problems, could admit more ambivalence, and were more able to seek help in times of stress. The authors do not view the greater focusing on the self as a symptom of disintegration of values, but as an adaptive response to a heterogeneity and complexity of choice hitherto less available. As society moves toward greater pluralism and ambiguity of roles, self-reliance and willingness to seek help increases. This paradoxical dual tendency is probably part of a greater psychological mindedness.

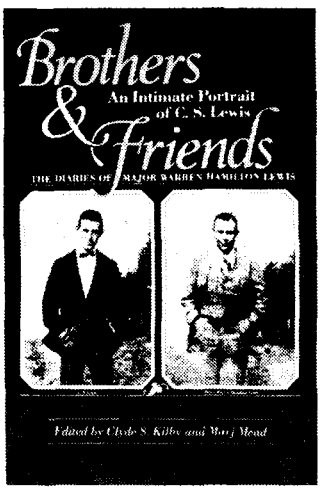
Within this rather upbeat framework, however, in 1976 people report more anxiety and worry. The authors link these symptoms with increased uncertainty about the future, inasmuch as the job market and family roles are in transition. For all but the educated and the young there was a significant increase of pessimism.

Although in 1976 there was more tolerance for alternative life styles, marriage was viewed as life's greatest source of satisfaction by those who undertook it. The authors suggest that in these uncertain times, those who risk such an interpersonal commitment do so as a gesture of faith. They comment where in other eras marriage may betoken a wish for security, today "it is probably closer to the truth to read verve, omnipotence, and bouncy optimism in the act." This places great stress on the relationship. Women tend to be more open with regard to problems and seek help more readily. Men, the authors feel, need more help (possibly educational) to enable them to let down and explore themselves.

As noted earlier, there is an increased overall tendency for people in distress to seek help, both formally and informally. Most people use informal resources,

A story so unique, so personal, only one who lived it could write it.

BROTHERS AND FRIENDS
An Intimate Portrait of C. S. Lewis
The Diaries of Major Warren Hamilton Lewis
Edited by Clyde S. Kilby & Marjorie Lamp Mead



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such as friends and family. The authors are not convinced that professional help can be the panacea once hoped for. Often friends do as well. Some people do better on their own. Others over- or under-use friends or professionals. We are left in the position that defines the results of the study in general: the individual is thrown back on his/her own resources to work out the style best for him/herself. Effective institutional guidelines are missing.

But who is the rather happy individual the authors are describing? What quality of selfhood does his happiness define? I begin to feel a twinge when I read that where work is concerned the American in 1976 gains his happiness not so much from an intrinsic interest in the task at hand, but from success. Quality is incidental. For men the power element is most intense, for women affiliation is also important. It begins to appear that the sort of self the authors investigate is highly circumscribed, if rampant. It is the self in the mode of ambition, the competitive self: the happy American is one who gets ahead.

According to the authors, prayer declines insofar as people feel they can do more for themselves. Prayer is seen as a sign of resignation to uncontrollable problems, a way of handling remorse over sensed helplessness. Prayer is also tied to life as structured by religious institutions. As the latter become weaker, prayer diminishes. Prayer as communion in mystery with the depths of love has no real place in this study, perhaps because the authors found it not to be a significant variable today. In itself this is a commentary on who we are (or aren't). One can perhaps get a deeper sense of what American "happiness" means when one realizes that fifty-eight percent of the persons interviewed denied ever "feeling overwhelmed at least once in a while when bad things happened." While more Americans can admit problems and seek help than previously, more still ward off the sense of the uncontrollable (Catholics are the greatest deniers of problems, Jews least).

I would like to suggest, however, that even seeking help can be part of a wish to ward off felt difficulties. As a psychoanalyst I often discover that a person's wish to control his life masks a fear of *experiencing* it. The experience of helplessness is viewed as something to overcome, to be rid of as quickly as possible, as if it were an alien intruder and not an intrinsic dimension of our lives. In such instances we seem to wish to avoid the dramas we are called upon to pass through.

The authors themselves raise some question as to whether our happiness can last. In their view we are an individualistic people becoming even more so. Can our increasing psychological orientation compensate for the collapse of institutionalized guidelines? How long can people stand being thrown back on themselves in an increasingly ambiguous and dangerous milieu? And how much more pressing this question should the selves at stake prove shallow.

It may well be true that our ability to deny our sense of the uncontrollable itself constitutes a strength. And our good feeling about ourselves may involve more than simply the euphoria of success. Nevertheless, from my perspective as a depth psychologist I must also be cautious. My work with many, many people has made me only too aware of the intimate interweaving of strength and fragility which marks our lives. The growth process itself — to face one's emotional truths, to see through oneself — may well feel catastrophic. It is learning to live with this sense of catastrophe and the benefits it brings, rather than adopt a stance of pseudo-mastery, which may lead to our most far-reaching gain: our ability to experience our experience. To face oneself in God may well upset familiar images of oneself, one's idols. The feeling which emerges from such overturning may, over and over, seem both sobering and miraculous.

The portrait the authors paint of "the inner American" led a colleague of mine to exclaim, "What *inner* American?" A picture of widespread psychic anesthesia emerges, a psychological mindedness which is not psychologically *mind*ed, not fiercely searching. I am struck by just how lethal "good feelings" can be to the evolution of experiencing. They may help one function in difficult times, yet somehow miss the point. Our subjective well-being may turn out to be a trap or enemy at the same time it helps see us through. This is a complexity we may not be able to evade in the passage ahead.

Positively criminal artistry

LOITERING WITH INTENT

Muriel Spark

Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $12.95, 217 pp.

Janet Groth

THE TITLE Muriel Spark bestows upon upon this, her sixteenth novel, hints at an idea which persists throughout the work to the effect that there is some kind of relationship — at the very least a suggestive analogy — between art and crime. Both the artist and the criminal, Mrs. Spark seems to wish to remind us, habitually exist in a state of alert readiness to discomfort society in their separate ways — to take us, as it were, by surprise.

Chief "loiterer," the heroine of the novel, and the best thing about this truly witty book, is Fleur Talbot, a young writer whose talents are often, in the course of it, confused with those of the criminal. Her uncanny acuity about people leads to an accusation that she is guilty, at the very least, of libel — on the grounds that people's lives are their private property and that she has set forth certain living persons' lives in her novel.

Fleur herself is not ready to call herself innocent of this charge. "I was aware of a *daemon* inside me that rejoiced in seeing people as they were, and not only that, but more than ever as they were, and more, and more." It is just the "more" that makes the difference, she suggests. An unscrupulous sort *can* take people's lives and meddle in them — both in a personal way and by writing about them — harmfully, even criminally. Indeed, there is such a one in the book. But, Fleur insists, a novelist, conceiving people's lives as part poetry and part myth, makes

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of them something else entirely.

As the novel opens Fleur is, as she herself describes it, in the thrilling situation of being an artist and a woman (she says it several times, always in that order) in the middle of the twentieth century. Since Mrs. Spark, too, is an artist, she richly expands upon each of these elements. She renders for us, for example, the postwar period in Europe in swift, sure, economical strokes.

As for Fleur, she is drawn as the very model of an independent woman. Undismayed by her current humble circumstances, she is exulting rather in the newly discovered conviction that she is possessed of the artistic powers of a novelist, and her first novel is just underway. Poverty imposes hardships which bring indignation, but she is quite free of self-pity. And she is wonderfully resourceful within the frugal constraints of her book-filled single-bed-sitter. (She is so successful in fact that her landlord darkly suspects her of leading a double-room life at single-room rates.)

Aside from the clear picture we get of her from her milieu, we learn almost as much about Fleur by virtue of the distaste she expresses for the type she regards as her opposite — a clinging, simpering, self-sacrificing sort of woman whom she tags whenever she finds one as "the English Rose" —and in whom she sees all kinds of character traits she can better do without. ("I learned a lot in my life from Dottie, by her teaching me some precepts which I could usefully reject. She learned nothing of use from me.") Fleur is, of course, often branded wicked and unnatural for these attitudes, but being her own woman, "well at ease," she goes her way rejoicing.

Taking Benvenuto Cellini's advice that "all men . . . who have done something of merit . . . should write down the tale of their life with their own hand" as applying to both genders, Fleur sets forth in the form of a first person narrative her own memoirs and her method of working as a novelist. She tells how at this time in her life she takes on a job as a secretary to the director of an "Autobiographical Association."

Chief villain and, in some ways, arch-criminal, of the piece, Sir Quentin

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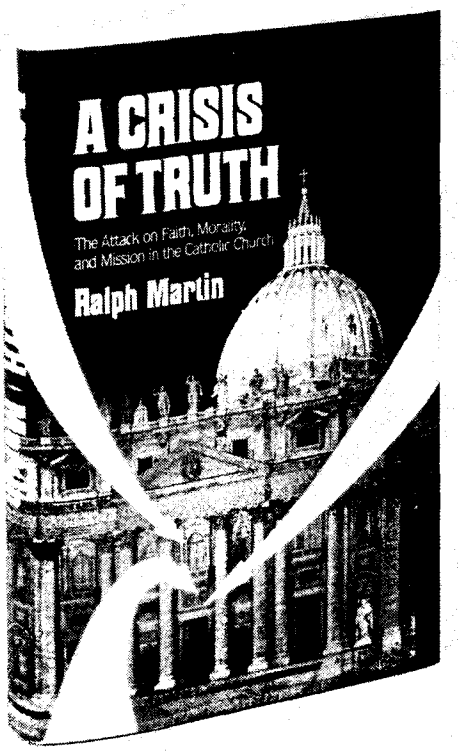

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Oliver, is a willowy old snob. He is the director of his self-styled autobiographical society — a kind of club made up of a handful of titled persons whom he has persuaded to let him help them write their memoirs. He is given to correcting people's English and — much more harmfully — to showing the aristocratic but insecure members of his "Association" the error of their moral ways in such a fashion as to lay waste their spirits. Sir Quentin is, of course, a total hypocrite.

From Fleur's point of view, Sir Quentin possesses at least one invaluable asset — his mother, Lady Edwina. This old party is a novelist's delight, and Fleur is soon conspiring to abstract the red-taloned, tea-gowned — and frequently incontinent — old lady from her stuffy son's circle of sycophants and the clutches of his still stuffier housekeeper (known as "Beryl, Mrs. Tims") to go for wheelchair romps on Hampstead Heath and later to partake of treats out of tins in Fleur's Kensington bed-sitter.

Sir Quentin is at first disposed to employ Fleur's talents as an artist to "touch up" not only the grammar but the contents of his society members' memoirs, which tend to be deplorably dull. But he soon discovers it is her artistry he must fear. As a result, Fleur is given more and more innocuous duties and separated entirely from the manuscripts, which, in spite of their dull contents, Sir Quentin has all along insisted contain "secrets" of the utmost importance. Ultimately, he accuses Fleur of stealing these "secrets" and putting them into her novel — a serious matter in England, he points out, where libel laws are most strict. This enrages Fleur. "Such as I am," she says, "I'm an artist, not a reporter." Sir Quentin's moves to protect the "secrets" and, with them, his false dominion over the lives of his "subjects" prompt countermoves from Fleur as she tries to protect the integrity of her artistic creation and provide the suspenseful plot line which moves the novel energetically along.

Beneath these entertainments of plot and character, there is, as always in Mrs. Spark's novels, a spiritual discussion going on as well. Here it is neatly entwined with the contrasting views of two famous autobiographers, Cardinal Newman and Benvenuto Cellini. Between them they portray widely differing attitudes toward life. We are reminded that though both are believers, one is a man of the cloth and, quite literally, an apologist for religion, while the other is an artist and a craftsman. Fleur makes short work of the difference. She finds exquisite literary merits in Newman's *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, but brands his early mistrust of the material world and his reduction of the drama of faith to two figures only — "two and two only supreme and luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator" — as "quite a neurotic view of life." She calls it "a poetic vision only," and points out that it characterizes Newman as "a nineteenth century romantic."

For her part, Fleur maintains that a defrocked priest in the Association, Father Egbert Delaney, is also "a self-evident and luminous being." And, she goes on, "So are you, so is my lousy landlord and the same goes for everyone I know. You can't live with an I-and-thou relationship to God and doubt the reality of the rest of life."

Cellini, the robust Renaissance craftsman, on the other hand, has, as we know, inspired Fleur's own present memoir, and it is just Cellini's evident trust in the material world — which, after all, provides him with the materials of his art — that so delights her.

The interesting thing is that in this brief and lighthearted novel, Mrs. Spark has managed to contain elements of both her autobiographical models. Like Cardinal Newman's, Fleur's memoir is, among other things, a defense of her own brand of Christian faith. "I had an art to practice and a life to live, and faith abounding," writes Fleur, "and I simply didn't have the time or the mentality for guilds and fasts and feasts and observances." What is more, she says, "I have never held it right to create more difficulties in matters of religion than already exist."

Like Cellini's it is a record of the action and passion of the artist's life. At the same time, by making her heroine, Fleur, opt for Cellini's as "a far better model" for autobiography, Mrs. Spark makes her a strong defender of her own brand of fiction, of the kind of novel which eschews psychological probing in favor of portraying character dramatically. ("I never described in my book what [my hero's motives were. I simply showed the effect of his words, his hints. . . . I didn't go in for motives, I never have.")

At the height of her difficulties with Sir Quentin, Fleur tells us of a night "I started to flick the pages of my beloved Cellini." As she does so, she reflects that "one could take endless enchanting poems out of this book . . ." As one reads the story of Fleur and her artist's passion and her woman's life in the mid-twentieth century, it must seem to all who do so with any feel for the magic of fiction that, in *Loitering with Intent*, one holds just such an enchanting poem in one's hands.

The importance of being Joan

JOAN OF ARC
THE IMAGE OF FEMALE HEROISM
Marina Warner
Alfred A. Knopf, $19.95, 349 pp.

Rosemary Radford Ruether

THE PURPOSE of this study of Joan of Arc by Marina Warner is well described in the subtitle, "The Image of Female Heroism." Warner is not attempting a reconstruction of the life of Joan herself. Rather she is presenting a series of cultural images by which European society has sought to interpret what it regards as an anomalous phenomenon outside the normal range of its imagination, the female hero. In the process we do get striking glimpses of the historical Joan. Her personality is disclosed in brilliant fragments seen through the gaps between the stereotypic pictures by which she has been portrayed. At those points where traditional models of the heroic female fail, we touch something of the solid being of Joan herself. We experi-

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ence her as a real person who never quite fits the frames by which society has tried to enclose her.

Warner obviously likes this historical Joan. This allows her to warm to her task in a different way from her earlier book on the Virgin Mary (*Alone of all her Sex: The Myth and Cult of the Virgin Mary*). The historical Mary has been smothered by stereotypic images. Little remains of a real person to set against the models of Mariological femininity, which Warner sees as generally oppressive to women. With Joan, Warner has a subject who breaks the molds of the patriarchally-defined feminine.

Warner divides her book into two sections. The first leads us through a succession of patterns by which Joan has been defined by her friends, her enemies and herself in her own day. In the second section she sketches ways by which European society pictures Joan, in changing cultural and historical contexts, up to the twentieth century.

The key both to Joan's own self-image and to that of her defenders was *La Pucelle*, the Maid. Joan was, above all, an *intact virgin*, the witness both to the purity of her morals and the integrity of her motives. As virgin, she could stand as savior to a France rent by warring factions. It was on this point that her detractors particularly concentrated, recognizing that if they could despoil her virginity, prove her a sexual tramp, they would break her power and descredit her salvific efficacy as agent of God for the salvation of France from the Anglo-Burgundian nobility.

Another Christian model open to Joan was that of prophetess. Prophecy was a career "open to talent" for medieval women. A society which normally granted women little authority would turn to respectful obedience if one was thought to speak as inspired vehicle of God. Other late medieval prophetesses, however, kept their predictions suitably vague and apocalyptic and thus adaptable to changing circumstances. Being unacquainted with the literary rubrics of prophecy, Joan allowed her prophecies to be all too specific. She predicted success in battle through her divinely guided agency. These traditions of female prophecy both explain the remarkable alacrity by which she was accepted by the king and the readiness to abandon her when she failed.

Joan's inquisitors concentrated on proving her a harlot, a heretic and a witch, thus reversing all these claims. They sought to entrap her into describing her voices in terrestrial terms, thus showing them to be enchantments of the Devil, for the divine only appeared in spiritual form. Another offense for them was her adoption of male dress. Joan was equally stubborn on this point. Male dress was not intended to conceal her femaleness, but rather to annul its social limitations.

Joan dressed, not only as a male, but as a knight. Her role-change broke two social barriers, a female acting as male, a peasant acting a noble. Her sense of style was dramatic. At court she wore cloth of gold, silk and fur; in the field, shining white armour. Like Arthur, Joan had a magic sword, plucked from behind the altar at the shrine of St. Catherine. When rubbed, the ancient rust fell away to reveal five crosses and the words, "Jesus" and "Maria" on the blade.

To undo her, her tormentors must reverse the symbolic significance of all these claims. Male dress must be shown to be a heretical defiance of God's ordained subordination of women. Here they must ignore a long Christian tradition of transvestism by female saints who showed thereby their transcendence of female 'sensuality.' Even Joan's own patron, St. Catherine of Antioch, was reputed to have concealed her femaleness by dressing as a monk. Each image was double-edged. Viewed one way, it proved her a saint. Viewed another way it proved her a heretic, a witch, a damnable limb of Satan.

The afterlife of the Joan image added variations, as well as new motifs, to these themes. The self-interest of the parties who appropriated Joan's memory is revealed in the images they chose to portray her. Her tardy vindication by a court of the French king, twenty years after her death, was inspired by a need to defend the king's own legitimacy. It could not be said that the king had been crowned through the agency of a proven witch. So the evidence of the Inquisition was reviewed and its conclusions reversed. Her virginity was declared intact; her voices authentic.

Her family, ennobled through her brief career, and the city of Orleans, delivered through her in 1429, continued to commemorate her memory to celebrate themselves. The first biographies of Joan come from seventeenth century French petty nobility who claim descent from Joan. They wish to ennoble her life in order to prove their own nobility. The eighteenth century classicists clothe Joan in the trappings of Greek mythology. She becomes the Amazon. Her name, Darc, is changed to d'Arc, to suggest the bow of the huntress Diana. The philosophical tradition of the female as personified Virtue also provided suitable models for an idealized Joan.

The nineteenth century added other images reflecting their concerns. Joan becomes the Child of Nature. Her peasant origins can be rediscovered to make her the type of the intuitive wisdom of the French Folk. An ideological battle over the ownership of Joan's memory is begun. For Republicans she is the spirit of the People against their oppressors. For the clergy and nobility she is the defender of monarchy and religion. Her canonization is a tool to possess her for the camp of the Ancient Regime against the modern world of secularization and democracy.

The conflict continues in the twentieth century. Is she saint or patriot; the patron of the fascist *Ligue de la Patrie* or of the liberal *Ligue des Droits de l'Homme?* In the world wars she is France herself incinerated by enemy fire, transformed into the pure flame of resistance. Claimed by both sides, she finally comes to unite both sides, uniting Left and Right in a common love of Country.

Warner has written a well crafted, delightful book. To read it is an excursion into the many avenues by which Christian society has sought to deal with the exception to its own rules, the heroic woman, the woman as agent of divine power. In the very limits of these models we glimpse the more compelling reality of Joan herself as exemplar of female possibility.

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Dialogue Incorporated

COURT OF REASON
ROBERT HUTCHINS AND THE FUND FOR THE REPUBLIC
Frank K. Kelly
The Free Press, $19.95, 722 pp.

Edward Engberg

OUR STORY begins in late 1952. At the instance of Robert Maynard Hutchins, an insurgence of figures who had made names for themselves in one way and another decide to pool their credentials with a bundle of Ford Foundation cash—$15 million of it, eventually—to do something about McCarthyism and to raise a flag in memory of Thomas Jefferson. "It is a pretty good group," Paul Hoffman, the chairman wrote to a friend, "worried about civil liberties and also worried about its respectability. I do not know which worry will win." The story ends twenty-seven years and $42 million later when a remnant of the original *noblesse* hands over the *oblige*, with not much else, to the University of California at Santa Barbara.

In Hoffman's question and in the character of Robert Hutchins, Frank Kelly believes he has the makings of tragedy. But in the absence of kings and eagles, tragedy wants a small stage, lest it be seen as played for farce. Kelly elects to take that chance. He works, in epic scale, for 652 9¼" x 6" pages of ten-point type to persuade us that the decline and fall of Robert M. Hutchins and the Fund for the Republic merits our pity and ought to raise our fears; and in doing so to make the title of his work stand up as more than mere presumption.

In Kelly's presentation, accordingly, Hutchins comes across as a man of singular virtues—courage, intelligence, courteous wit and compassion, all directed by an almost unappeasable conscience and made effective by a Mt. Rushmore presence—but afflicted by one tragic flaw: a regal, Lear-like vanity. Dean of the Yale Law School at age twenty-six, President of the University of Chicago at thirty, Hutchins has already lectured, hectored and in other ways evangelized a wide swath of ink through the news hole of the nation's consciousness. He appears primed for the denouement of an imposing career.

At the outset we see Hutchins plunge in, as if fired by—was it Mencken's?—dictum, to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable. Under such chapter headings as "Sound the alarm bells, alert the American people" and "In a gathering of furor, Hutchins attacks the Fund's foes," Kelly shows Hutchins in his Manhattan office listening to staff reports of pleas for help, then dispatching money and moral support to wherever at the front it might be needed: race relations, legal rights of aliens, blacklisting, fear in education, loyalty oaths and security programs, *et alia*—together with a few grants that come under the heading of covering your backside from your enemies.

So far, so good. But then the stage subsides into hush. McCarthy is gone. The heathens of un-Reason no longer storm the gates. From all accounts, camouflaged as the very apostles of Reason, they now occupy seats of great power throughout the Republic. At the same time, new and messier insurrections begin to mobilize under banners which seem hostile to Reason, as if it were no more than the chimera of the Corporate State. In 1959, Hutchins gathers up his troops and repairs to a retreat at Santa Barbara, California—there, as the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, to think things over.

Once gathered on the Other Coast, the loyalists begin daily meditations. "No subject is too vast for their attention," a visiting journalist writes, "no project too visionary for their concern." The question is, Who will pay the bills? The Center introduces upper-case Dialogue and invests it with salvific qualities. It then commissions fund-raisers and direct mail solicitation experts to build a "constituency" of members and to bring in the needed bucks. Like many of us, the Center comes to exist in a state of (as someone has said of David Stockman) "controlled schizophrenia." Fund-raising extravaganzas punctuate the self-consciously monkish devotions.

That may have been made to work; but, meanwhile, the product behind the hype starts to unravel. With the eye of a Machiavelli, Kelly faithfully details internecine scheming, backbiting, and betrayals—ah, the betrayals—that would cause an academic senate to blush.

> *With a passionate intensity [Hutchins] had desired and pursued "the whole," the complete understanding that he knew . . . no one had ever captured. He knew that he had fallen short of his own standards. He considered himself a failure. He did not think that he had come close to doing what he had set out to do.*
> —Frank K. Kelly
> *Court of Reason*

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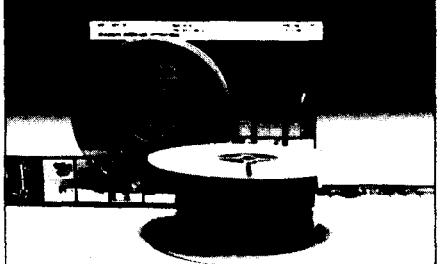

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("Hype and snipe" a visitor to the Dialogue is heard to mutter.) The Dialogue disintegrates into shambles, emitting poisons that no fresh Pacific sea breezes can dispel. The Center goes broke. On May 14, 1977, Hutchins dies. There, except for last bows and a clearing of the stage, the tale ends.

One might easily dismiss the entire extraordinary episode as no more than a saga of self-serving liberal piousness brought to undoing by its own pretensions. Kelly's account, alas, makes it easier still. He wants too hard to make us believe, and so loses, to extravagance, his gamble on big-production tragedy. The Fund and the Center did much good work. Kelly catalogues it all extravagantly, again and again, to the point of farce. In 1964, for an instance, the Center meets "bursts of hostility between blacks and whites in many places" head on. It published "a daring proposal for the formation of new interracial towns on the edges of suburbia and the clearance of industrial slums from the decaying central sections of the cities."

Kelly's tale rolls and thunders to less than shivering effect. Meetings seem almost always to convene against a backdrop of some domestic or international crisis, as if all that might be needed was a word from the Center. A summons arrives for convocation of the second Pacem in Terris conference to deal with Vietnam. In the deed, the Center acted honorably and may be even to some effect. Still, the chorus is called upon to belabor the deed: "Hutchins had acknowledged that the search for peace was incidental to the Center's main purpose, which he had defined as 'clarifying the basic issues,' but the Center had been called upon to help humanity and that call could not be ignored."

Hutchins, too, merits something better than hagiography. The invisible hand dealt him good cards and he played them well. He used his large gifts—among them a talent for worrying about the right things—to attempt much and to achieve much. Kelly brings him on stage as if that weren't quite enough. "He never forgot the early mornings when he knelt beside his father on a bare floor, praying for God's guidance and the courage to do what was right. The evil in the world had to be opposed. . . . He grew more and more angry at the power and persistence of evil in the world, in others, and in himself."

Lear he wasn't, nor Abe Lincoln, either. Even so, to mistake extravagance for justice is, in this context, no cardinal sin; it is merely irritating. Kelly relates much that is of use and interest (What price glory? is one moral that comes to mind). Except for taxing us with his insistent reverence, he tells the story well. He treats the main principals even-handedly to the point of charity. None need complain that he left anything out. Future scholars probably will thank him. So, too, readers who don't mind scraping some syrup off to get to the waffle.

REVIEWERS

MICHAEL EIGEN *is a practicing psychologist and psychoanalyst, and co-editor of* Evil: Self and Culture *(Human Sciences Press).*

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EDWARD ENGBERG *was with the Fund for the Republic, off and on, for 17 years. He resigned as a fellow of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in 1969 and now writes and lives in Santa Barbara.*

Correspondence

(Continued from page 322)

makes the character a creation-centered person, one who Sister Camille Anne Campbell would say sings, "Let all that is within me cry holy." (*Spiritual Life*, Spring '82). Furthermore, the character is shown weighing advice and criticism, open to self-doubt, and acting inconsistently with his own pleasure.

It is good to point to the potential dangers connected to personal vision, but don't forget the history of prophets, mystics, and reformers at variance with an equally dangerous corporate arrogance. I guess, where freedom is allowed to coexist with the possibility of evil, danger will be part of the landscape.

PATRICK GORDON

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This June 4 Issue serves as a good sample of the range, pertinence, and variety of the comment *Commonweal* provides its readers in issue after issue. Recent articles, such as the following, comprise further evidence of the magazine's consistent quality.

Public Affairs: Robert D. Kaplan: "Ghosts in Prague" . . . David Bensman: "Labor's Painful Dilemma" . . . The Editors: "Return to Chemical Warfare?" . . . Michael Harrington: "Equality, the Third World, and Economic Delusion" . . . Thomas Powers: "On Nuclear Disbelief" . . . Abigail McCarthy and Dorothy Esther Connors on The Women's Movement.

Religion: David J. O'Brien: "An Open Letter to the Bishops on War and Peace" . . . Rosemary Haughton: "Religion and Sexuality" . . . Oscar Romero: "The Political Dimension of Christian Love" . . . Roger Mahony: "Catholic Conscience and Nuclear War" . . . John Garvey: "Catholics and Sex" . . . Mary Gordon: "Coming to Terms with Mary" . . . James Michael Weiss: "The Role of Religious Studies in a Liberal Education."

Literature and the Arts: Charles A. Brady: "A Madder Tea Party" . . . Saul Maloff: "Saul Bellow: Minding the World" . . . Martin Green: "The Cult of Young Manhood" . . . Peter Skarga: "Babcia: an Easter Recollection" . . . Tom O'Brien: "Chariots of Fire" . . . Peter Clecak: "Saved from the Sixties."

Coming in Future Issues: Robert Rudney: "Soviet Strategy and Germany 1914" . . . Francis Flaherty: "Creation Science" . . . Allan Luks: "Neo-Prohibition" . . . Janice A. Brown: "Islam in the USSR" . . . David O'Rourke: "Revolution and Alienation in the American Church" . . . James Kenneson: "Religion: the New Curiosity in Mainland China" . . . John C. Cort: "Mondragon: A Look at the Future" . . . James Burtchaell: "The Future of Our Fellowship."

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